

TWENTY CENTS

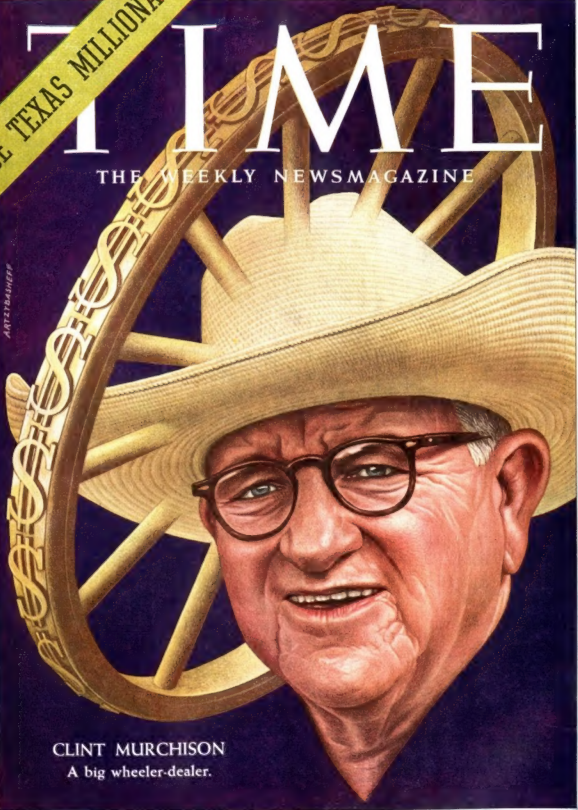
MAY 24, 1954

THOSE TEXAS MILLIONAIRES

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

ART BY BALDWIN



CLINT MURCHISON

A big wheeler-dealer.

\$6.00 A YEAR

VOL. LXIII NO. 21



1954 Nash Ambassador Custom Four-Door Sedan, photographed in scenic Arizona.

New!

Nash Year-'round Air Conditioning Costs Hundreds of Dollars Less!



1 Recline and travel relaxed! Nash Airliner Reclining Seats beat anything you ever tried for travel comfort. Either front seat back adjusts to any of five relaxing positions.



2 Not a single inch of wasted trunk space with Nash Air Conditioning. And the continental outside tire mounting (standard on Custom models) adds extra luggage room.



3 You're free to sleep anywhere— be first on the spot when the fish start biting—in your Nash with Twin Beds. Form-fitting mattresses and insect screens available.

Talk about value! Now you can own the finest car on the road today—a Nash with year-'round Air Conditioning—for less than the price of an ordinary automobile! Yes, Nash has something entirely new—the world's first combined cooling-heating-ventilating system. So completely automatic it has one single thermostatic control! Keeps you blissfully cool on blazing days—warm as toast on coldest nights—brings in fresh, filtered air the year 'round.

See your Nash dealer's amazing demonstration of the new Nash "All-Weather Eye" System today—available on even lowest-priced Nash Ramblers. Yes, see all the 1954 Nash Airliftes—all at new low prices—the greatest car values of the industry today!



4 Good news at the gas pump! You'll go farther on a gallon than you ever dreamed possible.



5 Enjoy the greatest eye-level visibility. Try optional Power Steering, Power Brakes, Power-Lift Windows, Hydra-Matic Drive, the All-Weather Eye.

1954 **Nash** Airliftes

AMBASSADOR • STATESMAN • RAMBLER • METROPOLITAN

BUILT WITH A "DOUBLE LIFETIME"...YOUR SAFEST INVESTMENT TODAY...YOUR SOUNDEST RESALE VALUE TOMORROW

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Rubber carpet flies over 14 hills

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

COAL on a flying rubber carpet goes 4½ miles from mine to a big electric power house in southern Ohio—over 14 hills, over roads and over a river. It's the longest permanent outdoor conveyor in the world. But at first it looked like one of those good ideas that just wouldn't work.

The trouble was that some of the hills were too steep—like the one in the picture. Ordinary belts couldn't hold the weight of the coal, would be pulled, stretched and broken.

Then the engineers heard about the B. F. Goodrich cord belt. Cords, running

lengthwise, held in place by rubber, hold more weight than heavy fabric but don't add much weight to the belt itself. The belts have new, longer wearing rubber too. On this long conveyor they'll carry millions of tons.

Product improvement at B. F. Goodrich goes far beyond ordinary "specifications". That's why specifications don't tell half the story when you're comparing with B. F. Goodrich.

Some B. F. Goodrich improvements are big, spectacular; some are little; many are too technical to explain easily, but all save you money. Every product

gets its share—conveyor belts, V belts, every kind of hose, hundreds of others. None is ever regarded as finished or "standardized". So don't decide any rubber product you use is the best to be had without first seeing your B. F. Goodrich distributor. Find out from him what B. F. Goodrich has done to improve it recently. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-241, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION



How Good Employee Relations help make better hardware

To give a worker a greater sense of financial security can mean more efficient, and expanding, production. Read what step one 3,400-employee corporation is taking to achieve this goal:



THE AMERICAN HARDWARE CORP., makers of Corbin and Russwin locks and builders' hardware, have invested in Group Insurance with Connecticut General. This insurance,

with its life, health, accident, hospital and surgical benefits, is helping to relieve the financial worries of employees, helping make them happier, more efficient workers.



The "PROTECTED PAY ENVELOPE,"SM the result of our flexible Group Insurance planning, can benefit *your* company in the same way. Through our research and experience in the field of employee relations, we have developed effective methods to help employees better understand and better appreciate Group Insurance.

Let us tell you how. Write to Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

Connecticut General

- GROUP INSURANCE
- PENSION PLANS
- HEALTH
- ACCIDENT
- LIFE



Why compromise?

British craftsmanship . . .

sports car performance . . .

American family-car comfort.

Interior beauty found only in a fine imported car . . .

rich, soft leather . . . deep carpeting . . .

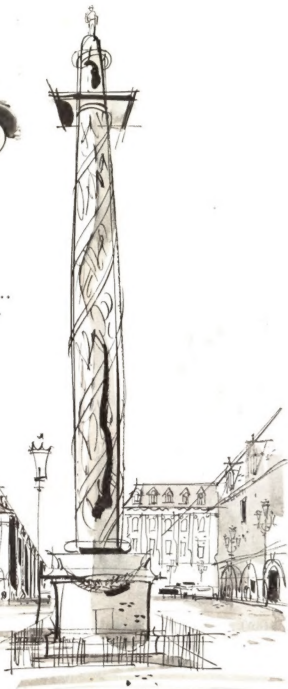
handsome, hand-rubbed walnut trim.

Mark VII Sports Sedan
... with Borg-Warner
Automatic Transmission
\$4450 at Port of Entry



Importer West of the Mississippi
CHARLES H. HORNBERG, JR., INC.
9176 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

TIME, MAY 24, 1954



JAGUAR

*the finest car of its class
in the world*

Importer East of the Mississippi
THE HOFFMAN MOTOR CAR CO., INC.
487 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

How to make your business and home say:



FINE FOR SHOPPERS because RCA air conditioning is an invitation to enjoy cool relief from sweltering outside heat.



FINE FOR WORK because air conditioning helps to keep minds alert, sharp, more efficient. You'll get more work done.



FINE FOR PATIENTS AND CLIENTS because professional men know that air conditioning helps their visitors relax.



FINE FOR YOU because an RCA Air Conditioner in your home guarantees a summer of delightfully cool weather.

Only RCA offers you all these advantages:

(They mean better air conditioning)

NEW PUSH-BUTTON CONTROLS: Just push a button in the Climate Tuner to "tune in" the weather you want.

DIRECTIONAL GRILLES: For widest, fullest flow of air. You control direction of air easily.

NEW PERMANENT FILTERS: Aluminum filters, easily cleaned, do away with replacements.

Models available with combination heating and cooling. Models with panel lights for easy night visibility and thermostats for automatic temperature control also available. Prices start at \$229.50. (Suggested list price. Slightly higher in West.)

HEART-OF-COLD COMPRESSOR: Provides top cooling capacity. Hermetically sealed. Five year warranty.

MUSH-A-BYE FANS: Whisper-quiet squirrel cage type evaporator fans are scarcely audible.

RCA FACTORY SERVICE: Optional contract offers installation and service by RCA's own skilled technicians.

You'll feel better with an

RCA Air Conditioner

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



TUNE IN: Dennis Day Show Every Week, NBC-TV. Hear Phil Harris and Alice Faye Friday Nights, NBC Radio.

LETTERS

McCarthy & the Army (Contd.)

Sir:
I have never in my life read anything so vile, blind and corrupt as your interpretation (May 3) of the McCarthy-Army hearings . . .

LAVERNE WHITT

Cincinnati

Sir:
... Don't you realize that millions of your readers are watching and hearing the Senator and the Secretary, the expressions on their faces, their answers to embarrassing questions? Don't you know that your readers are able to make their own decisions, for the first time in history, on such subjects as who is lying, who is honestly trying to get at the truth, who is the honest lawyer, and who is the high-paid cover-up artist from the big city? We see McCarthy ask—then read in TIME that McCarthy sneered . . .

H. S. FOWLER

North Manchester, Ind.

Sir:
After observing the behaviour of Senator McCarthy in the hearings now being shown on TV, I believe that he is indeed a menace to our democratic form of government . . .

MRS. DONALD CLEMENTS

Washington, D.C.

Sir:
I am amazed at the nation's apathy in regard to the Army-McCarthy hearings. People who say that the hearings are a burlesque of trials may be entirely correct, but they cannot deny the fact that persons representing us are responsible for the presentation of this burlesque; we should not ignore the

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TIME
May 24, 1954

Volume LXIII
Number 21

TIME, MAY 24, 1954

Why your secretary wishes you'd use more telegrams

She (and you) could get more done



Telegrams are quick to send, delivered in minutes, make every operation more efficient. They get immediate attention...fast action...and add impact and importance to each transaction.

Telegrams ease the pressure



...on you and on your right-hand girl. Telegrams eliminate snap decisions and too-hasty answers, caused by someone "waiting on your words." They give you time to calmly think it over...and make the right decision.

Telegrams do away with guesswork



Maybe you can recall every conversation, can translate every doodle on your desk-pad. But she needs (and so do you) *the facts on file*, at her fingertips...a permanent record to refer to any time you want it.

Telegrams save more than time



Telegrams save *dollars*...give you closer control over communications costs...get *more* done, for *less*. Orderly, accurate telegrams save other things, too...including waste motion, wear and tear on your nerves.

when it means business

it's wise
to wire

**WESTERN
UNION**

* Ask your secretary to translate this.

Send to New York
From New York
Send to New York
From New York

WESTERN - UNION

Send to New York
From New York
Send to New York
From New York

YOUR WESTERN UNION REPRESENTATIVE IS A HIGHLY TRAINED EXPERT. HE CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO GET MORE MILEAGE OUT OF YOUR COMMUNICATIONS DOLLAR. JUST CALL YOUR WESTERN UNION OFFICE.



The bellhop
and the
broker
agree:



"it's wright for me!"



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TWOED EFFECT
NYLON MESH COMBINED
WITH POLISHED CALF

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1. Famous shank helps preserve natural arch.
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Wright arch preserver
9 out of 10—buy them again! shoes

FOR WOMEN, SELBY SHOE CO. FOR BOYS, GERBERICH-PAYNE. IN CANADA, FOR MEN, SCOTT-MCHALE

childish squabbles of our Government any more than we should ignore its mature actions . . .

JOAN PLUMMER

Whittier, Calif.

Sir:

In light of Senator McCarthy's unusual activities relative to that group photograph and the "secret" FBI report, I should like to recommend that some enterprising university grant him a special degree as "Doctor of Letters and Photographs."

G. ALAN TURNER

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

... This flagrant waste of the taxpayer's money has got to be stopped . . .

RONALD HAGEN

Jacksonville

Sir:

... A national disgrace . . .

JAMES HELBERG

Cumberland, Wis.

Movers & Shakers

Sir:

I would like to compliment you on the May 3 issue of TIME, in which you featured Earth Mover Harry Morrison . . . It is my opinion that Harry Morrison and other American builders of this type are doing more to build good will with our foreign neighbors than the Marshall-Acheson-Dulles combined team has ever done or ever will do.

E. L. SCRUGGS

Lancaster, S.C.

Sir:

After a driving day on a construction job (a new California school), a couple of drinks and a steak dinner, and then reading of Harry Morrison, one cannot help feeling inspired and glad to be a part of [our] industry . . .

HOWARD KLEINE

Camarillo, Calif.

Sir:

We of Berkeley have always been under the impression that the Bay Bridge is longer than the Golden Gate Bridge, which is one mile in length.

To which small segment of the Bay Bridge do you refer when you say, "M-K built the San Francisco side of the 4,620-ft. Bay Bridge . . . ?"

G. G. MERRYMAN

Berkeley, Calif.

☞ TIME should have said that M-K built the 6,940-ft. San Francisco side of the Bay Bridge, including the 4,620-ft. suspension sections. Total length of the Bay Bridge proper (23,000 ft.) is nearly four times that of the 6,400-ft. Golden Gate Bridge.—ED.

Caveat Emptor

Sir:

In your April 26 issue . . . you published the following statement: . . . "Thousands of vacation-minded U.S. citizens will be keenly interested to learn that south of the border this summer the dollar will reach 44% further." I am sure that most vacation-minded U.S. citizens will be equally interested to learn the truth. A recent . . . visit to Ciudad Juárez convinced me that the U.S. dollar goes little or no further than it did before devaluation. One large, modern curio shop . . . which is patronized almost exclusively by U.S. tourists, stamped out the old peso prices on the bulk of their items and left



Grandpa's family now numbers millions...

The contented old gentleman relaxed in his 1924 living room probably had little knowledge of the technical details which made his radio work. Much less did he realize that they were forerunners of the magical entertainment which his grandchildren would see and hear in the 1950's.

Things like totally shielded chassis construction, automatic volume controls, pre-selective tuning and built-in phonograph jacks—these were part of the original Stromberg-Carlson radio family and they have passed down to you, in today's living, a wonderful heritage of quality.

The five-dial radio receiver shown on the table in the illustration above was a very popular set in the 20's—even though you had to read a twenty-seven page instruction book before you could tune in Clara, Lu and Em! Quite a contrast with the

1954 "Panoramic Vision" 21-inch TV, where a mere flip of two dials brings you clear, distortionless, locked-in picture and sound—and eventually will provide the world's finest free entertainment for you in full color!

You who enjoy this Stromberg-Carlson television receiver today are profiting from the ingenuity of the engineers who developed the first Stromberg-Carlson radio—and never stopped searching for ways to improve it!

And you can be sure that no matter how this great family line increases, no matter what tomorrow's products will be called—or what they will do—they'll still show the keenest know-how in the whole world of Communications; and still be true to the family motto, "There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson."

There is nothing finer than a
Stromberg-Carlson[®]
 Rochester 3, New York

STROMBERG-CARLSON LEADS TOO IN:



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Central Office XY
Dial Equipment



High Fidelity
Radios and
Radio-Phonographs



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Equipment



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for Churches and
Public Buildings



Sound and
Public Address
Systems

AND MANY OTHER ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS FOR OUR ARMED FORCES

How will
it come
out?



...just open
the
back
and
see!

How many times have you gone down to the store . . . eagerly peeked at your finished pictures . . . and found they didn't come out as you'd hoped?

That won't happen if yours is a Polaroid Camera. You see your results in 60 seconds . . . not days later. You don't like the smile? The pose doesn't suit you? With this camera you can take the picture again, before it's too late. Just imagine yourself snapping a vacation scene — and *knowing* you've got the picture before you leave. A truly fine picture — sharp and clear as the best you've ever taken.

It's amazingly easy to make these 60-second snapshots. It's a whole lot of fun, too. Spend a minute with your photo dealer and see.



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1/4.5 lens . . . shutter
speeds to 1/400 sec. . .
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60-second cameras.

SPEEDLINER
The thrifty family
camera anyone can use
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rain or shine.



- ✓ Copies and enlargements are easy to get. They're made directly from prints, quickly, inexpensively.
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Polaroid
Land Cameras

Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge 39, Mass.

only the unchanged U.S. dollar prices showing on their dual-currency tags . . . Evidently, devaluation of the peso merely means a 44% increase in peso prices.

PAUL A. REESE

Silver City, N. Mex.

Cripes, Such Creeps

Sir:

TIME's May 3 article asserting that "a U.S. soldier off duty is often a pretty overwhelming sight (to the average Briton)" is . . . misleading.

The article stated that we can wear zoot suits, Harry Truman shirts and other native costumes at such all-American affairs as ball games. Zoot suits? They've been out of style for years! Sport shirts? When can you wear a sport shirt if summer comes one day a year? Gulf Stream or no Gulf Stream, we're still in N.; this isn't Key West . . .

If the writer of the article knew what he was talking about, he would have mentioned



London News Chronicle
" . . . HAS THROGMORTON STREET REALLY
GONE MAD?"

the cartoon in a London newspaper lampooning Yanks dressing "in accordance with local custom" (*see cut*) . . . If they want us to dress "in accordance with local custom," would the Air Force approve of the "creep" style? They wouldn't have to disapprove it, because no sensible Yank would wear it. (For the nontourist, the "creep style" looks very much like a city-slicker gambling man's costume in a Western movie.) . . . The American G.I. is not only dressed better than the "average" Briton, but his pants are pressed, too.

(A/2c) FRANCIS X. SOMERS

Newbury, Berkshire,
England

Welcome Mat

Sir:

My most recent notice of change of address was the third I have sent you in as many months. Yet in only a week's time, the change was effected and TIME was at my new doorstep. It makes us feel like we are really moved in when TIME arrives.

WAYNE P. GASPER

Memphis

Israeli & Arab

Sir:

In the issue of May 3, your Middle East correspondent Mr. Keith Wheeler refers in detail to an Israeli "attack" on the Jordanian village of Husan.

I wish to draw your attention to the fact that no such "attack" ever took place. The so-called proof that was furnished by the Jordanian authorities consisted of nothing except a collection of spurious pieces of evidence that clearly indicated that the whole affair had been carefully staged for the purpose of misleading U.N. authorities and world public opinion . . .

. . . A request by the Jordanian authorities for an emergency meeting to deal with

Here are answers you may wish to know about flying your own business plane

Does it take long to learn to fly?



On the average, only 8 hours are required for solo, especially with modern tricycle-geared aircraft. The simplest way to fly is by the Piper "Learn-as-You-Travel" program—actually making business trips with an instructor and learning as you go along. Several have soloed the Tri-Pacer after one day of instruction.

What about medical requirements?

Only a simple medical examination which your own family doctor can give you is required for your private license. Eye glasses are no deterrent.

What about age?

Government records show that student pilots 50 to 55 have a safety record five times better than students 20 to 25, adding proof that safety in normal, civilian flying depends more on maturity and common-sense than on youthful reflexes. Many business and professional men in their 60's and 70's fly regularly for business and relaxation.

What group of people use private airplanes most?

Businessmen, professional people, and farmers derive the greatest benefit from the business airplane. A 1953 survey among Piper Tri-Pacer owners showed 22.5% were farmers and ranchers, 17% manufacturers, 14.5% construction firms, 13.4% physicians and doctors, 6.7% wholesalers and distributors, 6.2% engineers and architects, 5.5% salesmen, 14.2% miscellaneous.

How do you find your way?

Until recently, it was very easy to get lost. Now, the government has completed the

new VHF, Omni-directional navigation network which provides electronic "tracks" to or from almost any point on the map. A simple-to-operate Omni-receiver (standard on the Piper Super Custom Tri-Pacer) tells you at all times where you are and where to go.



Do you need permission for each flight?

You are completely free to come and go as you please under all normal weather conditions and do not need prior clearance of any type. Under instrument conditions, you are assigned specific routes and altitudes for proper traffic separation. At terminal airports radio control from the tower simplifies traffic in the air and on the ground.

What about safety?

The safety record of business flying as compared with auto travel shows that flying is 15 times safer. Over half the serious private plane accidents are due to recklessness on the part of immature pilots. The modern airplane is fool-proof (but not damn-fool proof) and in the hands of a mature person with normal common-sense can be the safest means of transportation available. That's why those who fly say the most dangerous thing about flying is driving to the airport.

What about cost?

The Piper Tri-Pacer carries four people at 120 mph at better than 15 miles per gallon. When flown 40,000 miles a year (Piper

users actually averaged 39,720 miles in 1953) the cost per passenger including all direct and indirect costs is less than 2 cents per mile!

Why has there been such a rapid increase in business flying?

Businessmen have found they can get more done in less time, travel much more conveniently on their own schedules, and cut travel costs at the same time. Modern aerodynamic improvements and new navigational facilities have added greatly to over-all utility. Over 11,000 aircraft now serve business, thousands more are in use on farm and ranch and with professional people.



NOW AVAILABLE! 24-PAGE MANUAL ON BUSINESS FLYING

Piper has prepared an exhaustive 24-page manual containing detailed cost and tax benefit charts, information on how to learn to fly, and much other valuable data on business flying. A copy will be gladly sent to you. Just send your request on your business letterhead to PIPER Aircraft Corp., Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

PIPER

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Four Season Weather Selector

- Cools when it's hot, heats when it's cool
- Automatic push-button controls

CHOICE OF $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$ AND 2 H.P. MODELS
Emerson also makes central air conditioners
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ONLY EMERSON GIVES YOU ALL
THESE FEATURES! YOU CAN BUY
AN EMERSON FOR AS LITTLE AS

\$199⁹⁵
for "Compact"
model
shown above

Prices slightly higher in South and West

this "serious incident" was rejected by the Chairman of the Israel-Jordan Mixed Armistice Commission . . . The government of Israel categorically denied that any such attack took place from Israel territory . . .

JOSHUA H. JUSTMAN
Consulate General of Israel
New York City

Sir:

You validated the statement that the struggle between the Arab and Israeli "is a conflict of right with right" and justified the Israeli right "because 4,000 years ago the narrow strip of Palestine became the cradle of their culture and religion."

To point out the preposterousness of this statement and its justification, I want you to follow your logic and imagine who will be the right owner of the world if it is to be given to whom it belonged to 4,000 years ago. Why is this principle applied exceptionally to the Arabs of Palestine, who are not to blame for the expulsion of ancient Jews from that country of multiculturalism?

MUHAMMAD JABER

Arcata, Calif.

Proud Men

Sir:

Re your story on the 45th Infantry Division (Time, May 3). During my military service, I guess I griped as much as any other GI. But the 14 months in Korea that I wore the Thunderbird patch on my left sleeve were proud ones . . . Thanks for your tribute to a topnotch outfit.

LES CRANDALL

Hillsdale, Mich.

Sir:

Those rough, tough "Thunderbirds" of the 45th Division may have "griped" in more combat days than any three Marine divisions! But oh, brother, what a difference there can be between combat days!

Let's look at the record: the 45th's casualty loss of 20,993 in 511 days averages 41 men per combat day, whereas the Fifth Marine Division, which was in action only 25 days in World War II, paid the horrible price of 8,035 casualties on two Jima, or 357 men per combat day.

Personally I wouldn't have traded a thousand days on the French Riviera for one on two!

JULIAN G. YOCUM

Steubenville, O.

Comics Controversy

SIR:

ARTICLE IN TIME, MAY 3 SERIOUSLY MISREPRESENTS THE FACTS IN REGARD TO THE WORK OF THE CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, AS THE OLDEST PARENT EDUCATION ORGANIZATION IN THIS COUNTRY. WE HAVE, SINCE 1912, ADVISED PARENTS AS TO THEIR CHILDREN'S READING. OUR PUBLICATIONS HAVE REPEATEDLY AND UNEQUIVOCALLY CALLED FOR THE ELIMINATION OF CRIME AND HORROR COMICS. ONE MEMBER OF OUR STAFF ONLY SERVES AS CONSULTANT TO ONE PUBLISHER ONLY AND THAT A COMPANY WHOSE COMIC MAGAZINES HAVE REPEATEDLY WON HONORABLE MENTION FOR THEIR HIGH QUALITY BOTH AS TO CONTENT AND ADVERTISING, AS WELL AS FOR THEIR PUBLIC-SERVICE FEATURES. THESE FACTS HAVE BEEN PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE.

MRS. CLARENCE K. WHITEHILL

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
NEW YORK CITY

¶ Senator Kefauver, member of the Senate subcommittee investigating juvenile delinquency, maintains that TIME's story was correct.—Ed.

TIME, MAY 24, 1954



Are you the master of your car?

MOTORING is a favorite pastime for millions of Americans . . . especially during summer when the countryside is so inviting. However, since traffic is heaviest during summertime, long vacation trips . . . or short week-end drives . . . can be hazardous.

Safety authorities say that motor-ing can be safer and more pleasant and relaxing if all drivers learn to keep their cars under control in varying road, weather and traffic conditions.

No driver should ever "take the wheel" when preoccupied, confused or fatigued. When perception is dimmed, no one can be sure he can control his car. If you are planning a long vacation tour, it is wise to keep the following facts in mind for your own safety

and that of others on the road.

The majority of accidents due to fatigue occur after long periods of driving. If long distances must be traveled in a day's time, pace yourself to avoid getting tired. If you do feel tired, pull off the road and take a short nap.

The competent driver always keeps control of his car by traveling at safe speeds. The rate of speed is still the greatest single factor in automobile accidents. In fact, if existing speed laws in every state were rigidly observed and enforced, many thousands of lives could be saved every year.

For safer summer driving, here are other precautions to take:

1. Follow other cars at a safe distance. This distance, of course, should be increased at night or when the weather is bad.

2. Always be alert for what other drivers may do, and try to anticipate their possible mistakes.

3. Keep a sharp lookout for pedestrians, especially at night and when passing through congested areas.

4. Have your car regularly and thoroughly checked by a competent mechanic, especially before taking a long trip.

If you are a relaxed and alert driver, and observe all traffic and safety regulations, summer motoring can be fun.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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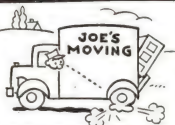
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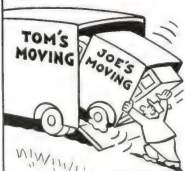


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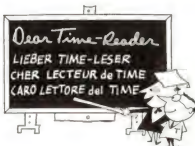
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



One of the first steps of most TIME foreign correspondents on a new assignment is to hire a tutor for language lessons. Even the most fluent linguists usually need a refresher course in such staples as French, German, Spanish, Portuguese or Italian. Some other languages with which TIME correspondents have grappled: Dutch, Arabic, Russian, Hindi, Tamil, Urdu, Korean, Afrikaans, Greek, Japanese and Chinese. There was, for example, the lady visitor who recently walked into TIME's Rome office and heard two staff members chatting heatedly in Japanese. Said she: "This organization should be located somewhere east of Suez."

Senior Orientalist on the Rome staff is Bob Christopher, who learned Japanese as a World War II intelligence officer. On previous assignments, Bureau Chief Bob Neville picked up some Hindustani and Chinese (to top off his childhood Oklahoma Cherokee vocabulary), learned Italian when he was World War II boss of *Stars & Stripes's* Mediterranean edition, Dean Breilis came to Rome equipped with Greek and fluent Kachin, a language which he learned in two years with Kachin tribesmen while operating behind the Japanese lines with an OSS detachment in Burma.

The Rome bureau's tutor is Giorgio Vanucci, who learned his English in Allied prison camps during the war. He speaks pure Tuscan, has little tolerance for Anglicized Italian or the intrusion of Roman dialect. Occasionally his uncompromising stand on pronunciation produces mutinous rumblings among his TIME students.

Middle East Correspondent Keith Wheeler has had language tutors in Greece, Germany and Italy, but, he adds: "I have always, unfortunately, been forced to move on about the time we were to tackle irregular verbs. I am looking forward to having time for a real cram course." One of his favorite words in his new Arabic vocabulary is *magnoom*, which means "insane" and he says, is the epithet usually applied to native automobilists.

The Paris bureau's George Abell got an early start in French "from my Breton nurse, who was later murdered by our German coachman two years after he married her." Frank White arrived in the Paris office in 1948 equipped with a combination of college French, Foreign Legion French and colonial French picked up in Indo-China after the war. "To Parisians," he says, "I sounded like a Saigonese houseboy." M. Dennis, his tutor, cured that. Two years later White was in Rio de Janeiro meeting another tutor at 9 o'clock every morning to master Portuguese, and in another two years he was in Bonn, where Frau Anne Marie von Dobschütz began explaining the intricacies of German syntax.

Cranston Jones, who inherited White's 9 o'clock tutoring appointment in Rio, had been in Brazil only two weeks when he had to go to Belém near the mouth of the Amazon, to cover a plane-crash story. Late one evening, he found himself lost in the town, and worse, he could not remember the name of his hotel. The people on the sidewalk spoke no French or English; he had not yet learned Portuguese. "Finally," says Jones, "a padre shouldered his way through the crowd and asked me if I spoke Latin. I went into an effort of total recall, back to Caesar studied in 1933, finally came stumbling out with 'Quid est via ad domum publicum panamericae?' In all honesty, I must admit his reply in Latin meant nothing to me, but he had me at the hotel in ten minutes."

Another time, Jones had to use American slang to get out of a tough spot. He and two staffers were covering an Arab nationalist uprising in Tunisia in 1952, when his car was stopped by a large band of Arabs. "After many minutes of trying to convince them that we were *les Américains* and not Frenchmen, who were being shot at the time, the sheik called for silence, indicated he would give me the test. In complete silence he stuck his wrinkled face up to mine and said, with a look of infinite cunning, the only American word he knew: 'Okay.' I replied emphatically, 'Okay.' The sheik shouted his approval, the tribesmen clapped their hands, and the Berber women set up their welcoming cry of 'yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo.'"

By luck, Jones and party had been stopped in the same area where American troops had passed in the war.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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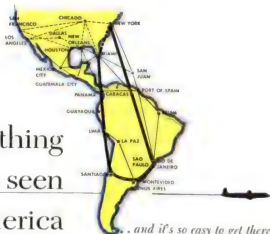
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INDEX

Cover Story.....90	
News in Pictures...28	
The Broadway Season in Color...67	
Art.....78	Miscellany...120
Books.....108	Music.....48
Business.....90	National Affairs21
Cinema.....102	People.....43
Education.....98	Press.....44
Foreign News...30	Radio & TV.....81
Hemisphere....40	Religion.....87
Letters.....4	Science.....63
Medicine.....55	Sport.....72
Milestones...100	Theater.....66

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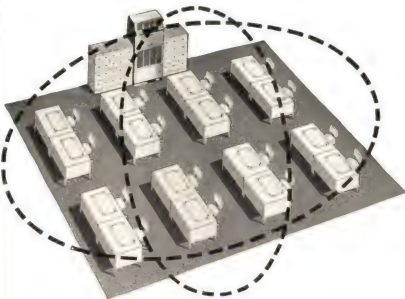
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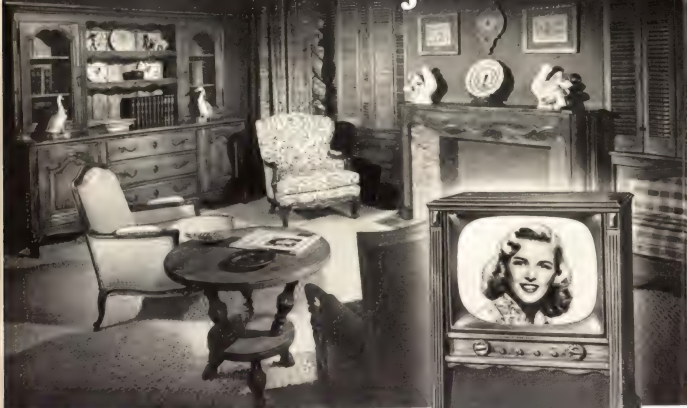
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Associated Press

THE NATION

"To All on Equal Terms"

It was 12:52 p.m., May 17, 1954. At the long mahogany bench sat the nine Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court.* From the red velvet hangings behind the bench to the great doors at the back of the room, every seat was filled. Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the U.S., picked up a printed document from his desk and began to read in a firm, clear voice.

There was an awesome quiet in the high-ceilinged, marble-columned courtroom. The eight Associate Justices gave Warren rapt attention. In the press section, reporters strained forward to catch every word. Departing from custom, the court had not given newsmen advance copies of the opinion. Shortly after the Chief Justice began reading, the first bulletin clacked out over the Associated Press wires: "Chief Justice Warren today began reading the Supreme Court's decision in the public school segregation cases. The court's ruling could not be determined immediately." At 1:12 the A.P. sent a second message to editors all over the world, who had been awaiting the momentous

decision. Warren was attacking segregation in schools, but "the Chief Justice had not read far enough in the court's opinion for newsmen to say that segregation was being struck down as unconstitutional."

When Warren finished reading at 1:20 the ruling was crystal clear: the U.S. Supreme Court held that racial segregation in the public schools violates the Constitution. The decision was unanimous.

Timely Reassertion. In its 164 years the court had erected many a landmark of U.S. history: *Marbury v. Madison*, the Bank of the United States case, *Dred Scott*, the Slaughterhouse cases, the "Sick Chicken case" that killed the NRA, 1932's steel seizure. None of them, except the *Dred Scott* case (reversed by the Civil War) was more important than the school segregation issue. None of them directly and intimately affected so many American families. The lives and values of some 12 million schoolchildren in 21 states* will be altered, and with them eventually the whole social pattern of the South (see EDUCATION). The international effect may

be scarcely less important. In many countries, where U.S. prestige and leadership have been damaged by the fact of U.S. segregation, it will come as a timely reassertion of the basic American principle that "all men are created equal."

The school segregation issue came before the court in cases from South Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, Kansas and the District of Columbia. In making its ruling, the court issued one opinion covering all of the state cases, a separate one to deal with the special legal aspects in the District of Columbia. A sharp note crept into Chief Justice Warren's voice as he read one section of the District of Columbia opinion: "In view of our decision that the Constitution prohibits the states from maintaining racially segregated public schools, it would be unthinkable that the same Constitution would impose a lesser duty on the Federal Government."

In his first important opinions since he became Chief Justice last October, Earl Warren was clear and concise. The court was not surprised that the history of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution ("Nor shall any state deny to any person the equal protection of the laws . . .") did not clearly show an intention to prohibit segregation in the schools. In 1868, there was little public education for white children, and less for Negroes. To decide the present case, the court had to consider

* Associate Justice Robert Jackson, recovering from a heart attack, had left the hospital that morning so all nine Justices could be present when the great decision was read.

* Seventeen states and the District of Columbia have public-school segregation by specific law: four permit it. The 17: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia. The four: Arizona, Kansas, New Mexico, Wyoming.

"public education in the light of its full development."

"Today education is perhaps the most important function of state and local governments . . . It is the very foundation of good citizenship. Today it is a principal instrument in awakening the child to cultural values, in preparing him for later professional training, and in helping him to adjust normally to his environment. In these days it is doubtful that any child may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity, where the state has undertaken to provide it, is a right which must be made available to all on equal terms."

For Hearts & Minds. For many years the South, aware that it might be brought under Supreme Court scrutiny, has justified its segregation policy as giving "equal but separate" facilities to white and Negro children. This phrase was used by the court in an 1896 case involving Jim Crow transport. This week's opinion flatly rejected "equal but separate" as a guiding principle in education.

Even if physical facilities are equal, said the court, there are intangible factors which prevent "separate" from being "equal." "To separate [Negro children] from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone . . . We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."

Because of the complex problems involved, the Supreme Court deferred decision on the method of implementing the new policy. It asked all sides to present arguments next fall on 1) when schools should be ordered to abolish segregation and 2) who (a special master or the district courts) should set and enforce the terms under which it will be abolished.

For a scholarly New York Negro lawyer named Thurgood Marshall, the court's decision was the victory of a lifetime. Marshall, a graduate of Jim Crow schools, handled the state cases for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Said he: "The most gratifying thing, in addition to the fact it was in favor of our side, is the unanimous decision and the language used. Once and for all, it's decided, completely decided."

Wisdom & Tirades. As the news spread through the South, the reaction was varied. In border states, e.g., Kansas and Oklahoma, officials calmly said that they expected segregation to be ended with little trouble. In Texas, Governor Allan Shivers said that his state will comply, but that it might "take years" to work out the details. From Virginia's Governor Thomas Stanley came a quiet, wise reaction. He carefully read the full opinion, then told reporters: "I shall call together . . . representatives of both state and local governments to consider the matter

and work toward a plan which will be acceptable to our citizens and in keeping with the edict of the court. Views of leaders of both races will be invited . . ."

In South Carolina, old (75), adamant Governor James F. Byrnes was "shocked" but calm. The fanfare with which South Carolina changed its constitution to permit it to abandon its public schools had been interpreted as a warning to the Supreme Court. Now that the court has disregarded the warning, it remains to be seen whether South Carolina will actually carry out the threat.

The loudest roars came from Georgia, which also has a law under which it could abolish the public-school system. U.S. Senator Richard Russell, contending that the question of segregation should be decided by the legislative rather than the



LAWYER MARSHALL
The victory of a lifetime.

judicial branch of the Government, had his own label for the court's action: "A flagrant abuse of judicial power." Out of Georgia's statehouse came a tirade from Governor Herman Talmadge: "The United States Supreme Court . . . has blatantly ignored all law and precedent . . . and lowered itself to the level of common politics . . . The people of Georgia believe in, adhere to, and will fight for their right under the U.S. and Georgia constitutions to manage their own affairs . . . [We will] map a program to insure continued and permanent segregation of the races."

By legal maneuvers (e.g., test cases in court, redistricting), Herman Talmadge and others could continue segregation for some time. But they have little chance of making it permanent. The Supreme Court's decision was another vital chapter in one of the greatest success stories the world has ever known: the American Negro's 90-year rise from slavery. The Herman Talmadges are not going to write the last chapter of that story.

THE ATOM

Polite Complaint

Politely, the leading citizens of the Marshall Islands began their petition to the United Nations with a bow: "We have found the American administration [of the Pacific Trust Territory] by far the most agreeable one in our memory." Then came the point: would the Americans please stop experimenting "with lethal weapons" in the Marshalls, or at least take a few more precautions?

Some of the inhabitants of the two little atolls of Rongelap and Utrik, caught accidentally in a rain of radioactive coral dust from the March 1 H-bomb test (TIME, March 22), were showing distressing symptoms—"lowering of blood count, burns, nausea, and the falling off of hair from the head," said the petition. "The people . . . would have avoided much danger if they had known not to drink the waters on their home island after the radioactive dusts had settled on them."

U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. was quick to tell the U.N. that the U.S. was "very sorry indeed" about the March 1 injuries. The 236 Marshallese citizens on Rongelap and Utrik were, he said, getting the best of medical care and should suffer no "permanent aftereffects." Furthermore, the U.S. would do "everything possible to prevent any recurrence of possible danger," would instruct the Marshallese in anti-radioactivity safety measures, and see to it that no island citizen suffered financial loss because radioactivity had driven him off his land.

As for stopping the tests, the U.S. could promise very little. The Atomic Energy Commission announced in Washington that the 1954 series was officially ended, and reporters estimated that six H-bombs of varying sizes had been exploded. But further tests were expected to be so routine that the AEC was setting up a permanent testing staff for the Bikini-Eniwetok proving grounds in the polite but unhappy Marshall Islands.

THE CONGRESS

Hunting Time

The U.S. Senate is having an "open season for amending the Constitution." Missouri's Senator Tom Hennings declared on the Senate floor last week.

Last summer the Senate approved two proposed constitutional amendments. One was to guarantee equal rights for women. The other would explicitly forbid the President to seize property, except under an act of Congress. This year the Bricker amendment to curb treaty-making powers bemuddled the Senate for weeks until the plan was finally killed by a one-vote margin.

Last week the Senate found new prey in the language of the founding fathers. It approved a constitutional prohibition

* Other rulers of the Marshalls: Germany (1885 to World War I), Japan (1914 to World War II).

against Supreme Court packing by fixing the number of Supreme Court Justices at nine, thus removing Congress' power to add or subtract.

The proposal, sponsored by Maryland's Republican Senator John Marshall Butler, stands little chance of being ratified, but it scampers breezily through the Senate. Less than 90 minutes of committee hearings were held on it last January. Last week's debate, in which only six Senators took part, consumed a mere 2½ hours. Democrat Hennings lamented to a nearly empty chamber that haste does not make good law. But the Senate, characteristically eager to vote, passed the Butler amendment 58 to 19.

Such speed seemed like a filibuster, by contrast to the rate at which Senator William Langer's Judiciary Subcommittee was spawning constitutional changes. In rapid succession last week, Langer recommended to the full committee, which he also heads, amendments to 1) abolish poll taxes, 2) give the President the power to veto individual items in appropriation bills, and 3) lengthen Congressmen's terms from two years to four. Since his brief hearings on these matters were largely unencumbered by the presence of other Senators, Chairman Langer got subcommittee approval by quick telephone calls to his colleagues. This procedure has also been placed before the full committee amendments to 1) let governors appoint Congressmen in the event of national disaster, 2) nominate presidential candidates in direct primaries, and 3) require the granting of full citizenship to all American Indians.

North Dakotan Langer seemed to be dragging his feet on other proposals, among them Illinois Republican Everett Dirksen's 25% limitation on income-tax rates and Vermont Republican Ralph Flanders' measure to make the Constitution acknowledge "the authority and law of Jesus Christ."⁶

Unlike the Senators, leaders of the House of Representatives are not hunting for trophies in the pages of the nation's supreme law. In the House, the Butler Amendment joined 116 other proposed amendments on 47 different subjects, all of which are resting in the sanctuary of a quiet subcommittee.

This week the Senate prepared to take up the question of giving the vote to 18-year-olds, the one Administration-sponsored constitutional amendment.

⁶ The Flanders amendment test: "This Nation devoutly recognizes the authority and law of Jesus Christ, Savior and Ruler of nations, through whom are bestowed the blessings of Almighty God."

"This amendment should not be interpreted so as to result in the establishment of any particular ecclesiastical organization, or in the abridgment of the rights of religious freedom, or freedom of speech and press, or of peaceful assembly."

"Congress shall have power, in such cases as it may deem proper, to provide a suitable oath or affirmation for citizens whose religious scruples prevent them from giving unqualified allegiance to the Constitution as herein amended."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Light for Free Asians

The surrender this week of Luis Taruc, leader of the Philippine Communist guerrillas (see FOREIGN NEWS), flared like a match in a darkened amphitheater. For the past month anti-Communist forces in Asia had suffered defeat—defeat that culminated in, but has not necessarily ended at, Dienbienphu. In the gloom of Geneva, Britain, France and the U.S. have groped for a settlement with the Communists in Indo-China and Korea, and in their groping made the Communist position stronger. Taruc's personal surrender was a desperately needed light.

To would-be free governments in Asia the surrender said: the President of the Philippines, Ramon Magsaysay, knew



Walter Bennett

PHILIPPINE PRESIDENT MAGSAYSAY
He won because he fought.

there could be no freedom in his country until the Communists were defeated. He was not dissuaded or sidetracked by taunts that he was a U.S. puppet or a victim of colonialism. He fought with all the arms he could get—from the U.S. or anywhere else, and with a wise program of social and economic reform. Magsaysay won because he fought. He was not enchanted when the Reds pulled their standard ruse of asking for negotiation and coalition when they got in trouble. He made a personal—but no political—deal with Taruc. And Taruc, his forces beaten and scattered, gave himself up.

The compelling task for Geneva's Big Three diplomats, and for Paris, London and Washington, is to prove a determination to resist. Then they will prove to free Asians what Magsaysay's unrelenting determination long ago proved to Filipinos—that Communism can be beaten in Asia. With that guarantee, the free Asians can fight and act confidently in the name of nationalism and independence.

Important but Not Essential

The signs of exhaustion were plain on John Foster Dulles' face as he stood before 150 reporters and photographers in the State Department's sleek auditorium. As he answered questions that ranged all over his mountain of problems, his left eye twitched rapidly and the corners of his mouth sagged. The questions that were to cause him the most trouble in a troublesome week came almost casually.

Q. Do you think, Mr. Secretary, that the Southeast Asia area can be held without Indo-China?

A. I do.

Q. Are Laos and Cambodia essential to the successful defense of Southeast Asia?

A. No. They are important, but by no means essential.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the French reporters scurried out and began filing urgent cables to their papers. The essence of what they said: the U.S. is writing off Indo-China. Flashing around the world, the news bulletins struck French officials with the weight of verbal atomic bombs. The French government asked the U.S. a plain and troublesome question: Just what will the U.S. do about the war in Indo-China if no agreement is reached at the Geneva Conference?

Dulles could point out that at his press conference he had gone on to explain that he was neither resigned to the fall of Indo-China nor ready to give up its defense, but was merely pointing out that its loss would not make the Asian situation "hopeless." By the time these qualifications were uttered, however, some reporters already were running for the telephones. Later statements by Dulles, and even by President Eisenhower (see below), could not repair all the damage.

THE PRESIDENCY

Above the Storm

The rising storm whipped at the banners of Dwight Eisenhower's crusade. From Tonkin to Geneva last week, the atmosphere was charged with gloom, defeatism, suspicion among allies. In Washington the determined Republican efforts to contain the McCarthy-Army hearings failed, and new thunderheads spread over the Department of Justice and the White House itself.

In the midst of it, President Eisenhower seemed to be above the storm. He stuck steadfastly to one of his favorite military maxims: long faces never won a battle. Stoutly defending his Administration against attacks, he exuded, at last week's White House press conference, the confidence of a commanding general.

The Soul of the Army. A query about Joe McCarthy's Pentagon informant (in the matter of the bogus FBI letter) got the conference off to a rousing start. The President, as usual, refused to discuss the matter on the level of personalities, but he did have a withering phrase for any officer or civilian who would give away

classified information: reprehensible insubordination. To a military man like Ike, it was the unpardonable sin. The soul of an Army, he said, emphasizing "soul" in an irritated rasp, is the certainty that everyone responds to the laws of the land and to the orders of superiors, all the way up to the Commander in Chief. As any military man should know, the Army has its own recourse for soldiers who feel their superiors are derelict of duty: a complaint to the inspector general. And another thing: the armed services are quite capable of investigating their own troubles. An occasional and proper congressional inquiry into specific military matters might be a good thing, but the services should be permitted to do their own housekeeping.

When a reporter mentioned Indo-China, the President seized the opportunity to clear up something that had been bothering him: the Washington rumor

will bring them happiness. We know the values we place on those things.

"If at times we seem to ignore them, if we are torn by doubts or current fears, or our attention is diverted by unworthy scenes, even in our national capital . . ." At this pointed allusion the President was interrupted by a great burst of sustained applause, and it was a full 30 seconds before he could resume: "we still know that we are America. The heart of America is sound."

INVESTIGATIONS

"The Abuse That I Took"

Faced with a Republican-backed move to hobtail the Army-McCarthy hearings, Committee Chairman Karl Mundt sighed over the prospect of continuing with "this miserable business." But Mundt reluctantly cast the deciding vote against the mo-

"Mr. Cohn became extremely agitated, became extremely abusive. He cursed me and then Senator McCarthy. The abuse went in waves. He would be very abusive, and then it would kind of abate and things would be friendly for a few moments. Everybody would eat a little more, and then it would start in again. It just kept on."

"I was trying to catch a 1:30 train, but Mr. Cohn was so violent by then that I felt I had better not do it and leave him that angry with me and that angry with Senator McCarthy because of a remark I had made. So I stayed and missed my 1:30 train. I thought surely I would be able to get out of there by 2:30 . . . I missed the 2:30 train also."

Trying desperately to catch a 3:30 train, Adams accepted a ride in Cohn's car. The surges of anger were still coming, said Adams, but were directed mostly at Senator McCarthy, who, two or three times during the ride, asked Adams to see about a New York assignment for Private Schine. Unable to make a left turn at an intersection, Cohn kept on driving. Said Adams: "I complained to Mr. Cohn. I said, 'You are just taking me away from the station,' and in a final fit of violence he stopped the car in the middle of four lanes of traffic and said, 'Get there however you can.' So I climbed out of the car in the middle of four lanes of traffic . . . ran across the street and jumped into a cab to try to make the 3:30 train."

The committee room was breathless with suspense as Committee Counsel Ray Jenkins asked the inevitable question: Did Adams catch the 3:30 train? Replied John Adams: "The 3:30 train was ten minutes late, so I made it." Then he added: "Mr. Carr told me a few days later that he didn't think I should feel badly about the way I was put out of the car because he said I should have seen the way Senator McCarthy left the car a few blocks later"—in front of the Waldorf-Astoria.

The Judges. Summing up the pressures brought against him by Cohn on Schine's behalf, Adams said: "If you would pile together all of the abuse that I had from all the other members of Congress and all of the other congressional employees over a period of five years, it would not compare to the abuse that I took over this situation."

While Adams testified, Joe McCarthy's attitude ranged from lofty indifference, as he sipped milk and flipped the pages of a newspaper, to deep interest, as he furiously scribbled notes on 3-by-5 index cards. At his side sat Roy Cohn, now whispering, now scowling, now grimacing and turning up the whites of his eyes, now managing a pained smile. On McCarthy's other side was Frank Carr, his pudgy face impassive, the silent man of the hearings.

In cross-examination Counsel Jenkins and committee members sought to show that Adams had tried to bring an end to McCarthy's investigation of Army Communism by 1) ingratiating himself with Joe and Cohn, 2) using Schine as a "hos-



United Press

WITNESS DIRKSEN & CHAIRMAN MUNDT
In distress of spirit and fluttering eyelashes.

that he and John Foster Dulles differed on U.S. policy in that unhappy country. Said the President: That was not so. If there was any detectable difference in their recent utterances, it must be because of language, not intent. Naturally, Ike continued, all of us want to save Indo-China, but no nation can be saved for the free world unless it wants to be saved. He did not think the free world ought to write off Indo-China, though. He thought we ought to look at this thing with some optimism and some determination.

The Heart of America. Later in the week, at an Armed Forces Day dinner, the President went to the heart of his optimism. "Never forget the strength of freedom of the free world," he told an audience of 1,200, mostly high-ranking military brass and Government officials. "We know how much we value our right to worship as we please, to speak as we please, to choose our own occupations, to try to give our children the kind of training in beliefs and faith that we believe

tion when Army Secretary Robert Stevens said curtailment would be unfair. The decision to go on with public hearings cleared the way for an important witness: Army Counselor John Adams, who had acted as the Army's liaison man with the McCarthy investigating subcommittee.

Adams' voice was low, often inaudible to committee members, but his words were precise and devastating in their detail as he told of repeated attempts by Joe McCarthy & Co. to get preferential Army treatment for Private G. David (Golden Boy) Schine.

The Ride. Last Dec. 17, for example, Adams had lunch in downtown Manhattan with McCarthy, Subcommittee Staff Director Frank Carr and Committee Counsel Roy Cohn, the most lordly 27-year-old since Alexander of Macedon. Adams suggested that they discuss the Schine matter.

Recalled Adams: "That started a chain of events, an experience similar to none which I have had in my life.

tage," and 3) when these efforts failed, threatening to make public a report on the McCarthy-Cohn-Carr efforts to get favors for Schine unless Joe changed his mind about issuing subpoenas for members of the Army loyalty board.

It was on the third charge that Adams suffered the heaviest damage. In the midst of his cross-examination, a remarkable transformation took place: three of the men who were sitting as judges in the hearings—Republican Committee Members Dirksen, Mundt and Potter—suddenly became witnesses.

Bureaucratic Blackmail? Fluttering his eyelashes at the television cameras, Illinois' Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen was placed under oath and told how John Adams and White House Aide Gerald Morgan came to his office last Jan. 22 to urge against the subcommittee's calling Army loyalty panelists. It was then, Dirksen said, that he heard for the first time of the Cohn-Schine matter. Although he could not say that Adams actually tried to use the Cohn-Schine report as a club, Dirksen said that he had a "vague" recollection of "hints" in that direction, all of which caused him much "distress of spirit."

South Dakota's Senator Mundt, smilingly bemoaning his failure to wear his blue "television shirt," offered similar testimony about a talk he had with Adams alone on Jan. 22. Mundt said that he had been uneasy about the "juxtaposition" in which Adams placed the loyalty board plea and the Cohn-Schine affair. Mundt said that he had thought the topics were "entirely unrelated." Michigan's Senator Potter testified along the same lines about a conversation with Deputy Army Counselor Lewis Berry.

The impression given by the Senators' testimony was that Adams had used the Cohn-Schine report to attempt a form of bureaucratic blackmail. But Adams had a different explanation of how the Schine case came to be coupled with the subpoenas to the Army loyalty board.

Under direct examination Adams had told of Cohn's intense eagerness to get Schine assigned back to New York. On Jan. 18, said Adams, he talked long distance with Cohn, then on vacation in Boca Raton, Fla., and passed on the unwelcome word that Schine would be at Camp Gordon for from two to five months.

"How Can It?" When Cohn heard this news, Adams said, it "was obvious to me that he was very upset. I asked him if he intended to continue his vacation in Florida—he had only been there about a day or two days—and he said something to me to the effect then about 'How can I, when this has happened?'"

The very next morning, Adams was told by Frank Carr that loyalty board members would be called to testify. Said Adams: "I objected to it very strenuously. I pointed out to him that we had discussed this matter many times, and that there had been an informal understanding, in so far as I knew, that this matter would not



WITNESS ADAMS . . .

United Press



PEEKES TOWARD CAMERA . . .

International



AND LISTENS PENSIVELY
In four lanes of traffic.

United Press

become an issue. I pointed out to him Mr. Stevens left for the Far East just two days ago, or a day ago, and now this develops. I asked him why it happened.

"He said there was nothing he could do about it, that Mr. Cohn had returned the night before at 8:50 p.m. from Florida, which is just 6½ hours after he talked to me on the telephone from Boca Raton, and there was nothing that Carr could do about it."

Because of this, Adams said, when he went to visit Senators Mundt and Dirksen, the matters of the loyalty board and of the Cohn-Schine case were so linked in his mind that he believed the one was the direct result of, and reprisal for, the other.

The Conference

Senators' political radars blipped wildly in the Army-McCarthy hearings last week when Army Counselor John Adams told of a meeting Jan. 21 with top Administration officials to discuss the McCarthy-Cohn-Schine problem. Present at the conference, said Adams, were Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams, Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Deputy Attorney General William Rogers, U.N. Ambassador (and sometimes Presidential Adviser) Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. and White House Aide Gerald Morgan. Said the Army's John Adams: "At this meeting Governor Adams asked me if I had a written record of all the incidents with reference to Private Schine . . . and when I replied in the negative, he stated he thought I should prepare one."

The names of Sherman Adams and Cabot Lodge sent the hearings careering off in new directions. One path led toward the President, the other toward Cabot Lodge, a favorite quarry for both Democrats and anti-Eisenhower Republicans, who still resent Lodge's management of Eisenhower's pre-convention campaign against Taft.

Hungry for more information, Missouri's Democratic Senator Stuart Symington started to ask John Adams about the specifics of the conference. But the Army's Lawyer Joseph Welch said: "This witness has been instructed not to testify as to the interchange of views on people at the high level at that meeting."

"To Save the People." Committee members protested. Joe Welch finally got the weekend to seek clarification of the order.

This week the answer came in the form of a letter from President Eisenhower to Defense Secretary Charles Wilson. Its net: John Adams was forbidden to testify about the top-level meeting.

Attached was a ten-page legal opinion from Attorney General Brownell, documenting the constitutional principle of the separation of powers—a principle which gives to the executive branch the right to conduct its own business in its own domain without Congress forever peeping over the transom.

Wrote Brownell: "One of the chief merits of the American system of written constitutional law is that all of the powers

entrusted to the Government are divided into three great departments, the executive, the legislative and the judicial. It is essential to the successful working of this system that the persons entrusted with power in any one of these branches shall not be permitted to encroach upon the powers confided to the others . . . The doctrine of separation of power was adopted to preclude the exercise of arbitrary power and to save the people from autocracy."

A Familiar Issue. This principle has long been a highly practical limitation on the activities of congressional committees. Many Presidents, from Washington to Truman, have vigorously asserted it, and Eisenhower's Administration continues to maintain that the Congress has no right to read all executive-branch papers, or learn about all executive-branch conversations.

Despite the sweeping language in which the inviolability of executive-branch autonomy is sometimes stated, all Presidents have recognized that Congress does, under many circumstances, have the right to look into certain actions of the executive.

In many specific cases the line is hard to draw. For years McCarthy has lived with—and in opposition to—the rules protecting the independence of the executive. He knows, for instance, that he is allowed to see ordinary personnel files, but not loyalty files or FBI reports. He knows he cannot make a presidential adviser tell what he said to the President, or what one Cabinet officer said to another, or dozens of other matters.

When Brownell's memorandum was read, McCarthy knew that he had been blocked from what looked like a good opening into more diversionary headlines, such as **LODGE DENIES HE TOOK KREMLIN ORDERS**. Despite his familiarity with the issue on which Brownell repeated the traditional stand of the executive, McCarthy professed the utmost bewilderment. He asked for a five-minute recess to consult with his aides about "this unbelievable situation."

"A Razor at the Throat." Returning, Joe said that "an Iron Curtain has been pulled down." He cried that "we can only hear evidence about the conference that is damaging to Mr. Cohn, Mr. Carr and myself. Suddenly, halfway through this, we are not going to get the complete story." The fact of the Administration conference, said McCarthy, cast new doubt on who was really behind the "issuance of the smear that has held my committee up for weeks and has allowed Communists to continue in defense plants, handling secret documents, with a razor at the throat of the American people."

Because of the President's order, McCarthy added ominously, he had "no way of getting at the truth," and therefore it was "completely impossible" for him to question any more witnesses.

This was a rather reckless position for McCarthy to take in view of his previous stand against the whole truth in the matter of the bogus letter. He had simply



Harold Ewing

ADVISER LODGE Divisions blocked.

refused to name the officer who illegally gave him the letter, or any other informer. And in this refusal McCarthy had not brought forward any time-honored constitutional argument such as that outlined in the Brownell letter.

Neither from McCarthy nor anyone else had come the slightest indication that by putting Sherman Adams, Lodge or even Eisenhower on the stand he could get anything specific that would help his case. John Adams had already testified as to the result of the conference. How it reached that result would have little bearing on the case. What then was McCarthy after?

Like the infighter he is, he was trying



Ward Lomen-Lowe

ADVISER ADAMS Incursions barred.

to turn a setback into an advantage. What he wants is an end to the hearings, which have hurt painfully and are still hurting.

He could count on the resentment, shown by generations of Senators, against any invocation of the executive defense against congressional fishing expeditions. True to form, both Democratic and Republican Senators fell for Joe's line that the investigation would be crippled because of Eisenhower's instructions to Witness Adams. The committee decided to adjourn the hearings until next week. Meanwhile, Chairman Mundt was instructed to seek modification of the President's decision against testimony on the Adams-Adams-Lodge conference.

WORLD TRADE

Peril Points & Politics

*If we wish to sell abroad,
we must buy abroad.*

—President Eisenhower,
March 30, 1954

The President's foreign-trade program is, by his own definition, "a minimum program." By now, however, he knows that even the minimum will not get through Congress this year. At most, Congress will approve some customs modifications, some tax incentives for investment abroad and a bare one-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. Meanwhile, another important part of the freer-trade program has turned up on the President's own doorstep.

Scissors & Shears. A dozen U.S. industries have complained of imports reaching the "peril point" (at which they are theoretically injured or threatened), and have applied for relief through higher tariffs. Two weeks ago, the Tariff Commission sent its recommendations to the White House on two such cases—one involving fish fillets, the other scissors and shears. Recommendations on the other ten cases are due soon.

In such cases the President faces a peril point of his own. He must decide between the interests of industries that seek protection and the nation's overriding interest in freer trade. In this election year some voters are likely to blame local unemployment on foreign imports.

Last week, nonetheless, the President decided against protectionism in the case of scissors and shears. The Tariff Commission had found that imports from Germany and Italy constituted "a definite threat of serious injury," and recommended doubling the present 4½% tariff. President Eisenhower canceled the increase on the ground that no imminent threat was proved. Among the other cases:

❑ Fishermen are aroused by groundfish fillet imports (largely from Norway, Canada and Iceland), up from 9,000,000 lbs. in 1939 to 107 million last year.

❑ Lead and zinc producers complain of shutdowns and layoffs in U.S. mines because "a flood of imports has demoralized the domestic mining industry."

❏ Makers of woolen gloves and mittens charge that cheap imports (mostly from Hong Kong and Japan) have taken more than half the U.S. market, while half the industry's 4,000 workers are jobless.

Political Peril. The President's decision on one current tariff case—the \$58 million annual trade in Swiss watches and movements—will directly affect one Republican Senator up for re-election, Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, who has several watchmaking companies in his state. The Swiss make 17-jewel movements for around \$4. less than half the U.S. production costs, and outsell American makers nearly 4 to 1 (8,600,000 to 2,300,000 annually) in the U.S.

In 1952 President Truman turned down higher tariffs on Swiss watch imports, but Elgin, Hamilton and Waltham have again demanded peril-point protection. They are opposed by Bulova, Gruen and about 100 other U.S. watch companies which rely on Swiss works. The free-trade argument: Switzerland consistently buys more here than she sells (\$458 million in the U.S. favor since the 1937 trade agreements).

Every Senate contest is important this fall and the President's decision, affecting thousands of Massachusetts watchworkers, may hurt Senator Saltonstall's chances. But the betting is that, in line with his trade message of March 30, the President, regardless of political peril, will reject restrictions in the peril-point cases.

CRIME

Nix on Checks

This week in Manhattan, having been found guilty of evading \$51,095 in income taxes, Racketeer Frank Costello, 63, got the bill. Federal Judge John F.X. McGohey sentenced him to five years, \$30,000 in fines. Costello, his eyes red from weeping, had already indicated that he had learned his lesson—or, at least, one lesson. "Remember this," he told reporters in his familiar rasp. "When you spend money, spend cash and don't spend checks."

THE ECONOMY

All-Clear Signal

One month ago President Eisenhower, spurred by the Steelworkers' David McDonald and others, was ready to go into action with the Government's depression-fighting machinery, including: stepped-up public works and liberalized Government-lending and Federal Reserve Board credit policies. But no sign of drastic pump-priming activities appeared. This week word came from the President's Economic Assistant Gabriel Hauge that these pump-priming measures would not be needed.

Speaking on the TV program *Youth Wants to Know*, Hauge said: "The downward settling process has pretty well been slowed down to a stop. We can look ahead to going forward again." Hauge predicted "a rising phase" of business activity during the next twelve months.

MANNERS & MORALS

Quality Street

As board chairman of *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse*, Ellen Borden Stevenson, ex-wife of Adlai Stevenson, functions as deficit sponge and guardian angel to Chicago's spindly poetic colony and to artists in general. So vigorous a patroness is Mrs. Stevenson that no cultural gathering in the city is considered quite legitimate unless she is on hand.

Lots of Gumption. A year ago, when *Poetry* was turned out of its offices after 40 years, Ellen Stevenson fruitlessly searched Chicago for new quarters. Then one night as she lay awake a solution came

[with] a combination of theatre and nightclub performances." The neighborhood exploded. In vain did Mrs. Stevenson and friends explain that the basement club would be private, the garden performances Shakespearean and very high-toned. "I could sue some people, including some newspapers," cried Mrs. Stevenson, "but I shan't."

Lots of Yelling. Ellen Stevenson's request for a food & liquor license was turned down. She appealed, and when her lawyer, Sydney Wolfe, appeared last week at the city's Zoning Board of Appeals, the Bellevue Place neighbors, the executive director of the Greater North Michigan Avenue Association and the 42nd Ward's



CHICAGO'S 1020 ART CENTER (ONCE THE BORDEN MANSION)
In the poets' corner, a bistro with Shakespeare.

Associated Press

to her: "Why don't I have the gumption to rent my own house to myself? So I did!" Into the 70-year-old Borden mansion on Bellevue Place on little cat feet moved *Poetry* and also nine other worthy cultural refugees, including the English-Speaking Union, a little theatre group and a highbrow FM station. The old house where Ellen Stevenson grew up on Chicago's Gold Coast had fallen on hard times, had been, since World War II, a boardinghouse. With a \$40,000 remodeling job, Patroness Stevenson fixed it as a comfortable warren of culture, renamed it the 1020 Art Center.

The householders on Bellevue Place, tenants of sleek new apartments and keepers of genteel rooming houses, didn't mind the idea of a local poets' corner until word got out that Mrs. Stevenson planned to convert the basement and garden of her house into a bohemian bistro. Chicago Gossip Columnist Irving ("Kup") Kupcinet confided in the *Sun-Times* that Mrs. Stevenson planned "a European style cafe

alderman brought the hearings to a grumbling halt. Most truculent was Mrs. Martha Woodward, 75, operator of four Bellevue Place boardinghouses. She shouted at a reporter, "I don't think we need a bar there. The street'll be crawling with the artistic temperament, with the boys with long hair and ribbons in the hair—or they should have ribbons in them."

"Never from these buildings have the police picked up anyone for dope or anything like that," And Scottish-born Mrs. Woodward wasn't impressed by Mrs. Stevenson's social position: "I had a little when I came over here. I was Lady Rogers. But that's all in the past now. I'm very proud of my name, Mrs. Woodward, and very proud of my buildings."

Sighed Ellen Stevenson: "I had to incorporate. Then I had to do all these other things. I just want to get that liquor license in my pocket and then I'll talk. It's completely routine. They always turn down the first application. There was a slight misunderstanding."

NEWS IN PICTURES



ROYAL SIGHTSEERS, Prince Charles, 5, and Princess Anne, 3, watching their parents go ashore at Gibraltar, discover sights of

harbor with seamen on bridge of yacht *Britannia*. Later, the children visited the fortress, fed bags of nuts to Barbary apes.



EMBATTLED GANDER, defending tree in which goose and mate had made their nest, dive-bombs Vancouver, B.C. constable

Cliff Cooper, who quickly gave up uneven match, best hasty retreat from patrol through the city's wooded Stanley Park.

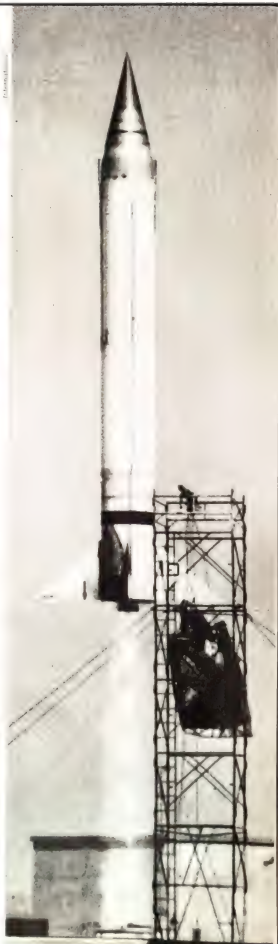


Keyhole



U.S. Army Aviation for

PUZZLED KOREAN examines controls of Army helicopter during U.S. Armed Forces Day open house for South Koreans at Uijongbu.



VIKING 10, 42-ft., 7½-ton Navy research rocket, blasts skyward from its launching platform at White Sands, N.M. Missile reached height of 136 miles, equaling record for single-stage rockets, at speed of 4,000 m.p.h.

FOREIGN NEWS

GENEVA

The Honest Broker

Wrapping the tattered cloak of experience about them, the British stepped forward in the role of the honest broker and wise counselor. Question was: Can a man be an honest broker to a bad haraquin?

The broker's solution for the rot infecting Indo-China was partition of the country. That solution the British hoped to get at Geneva. Until they got it, or it proved impossible to get, they refused to discuss the future. "Our immediate task is to do everything we can to reach an agreed settlement at Geneva for the restoration of peace in Indo-China," Winston Churchill told Parliament. "Until the outcome of the conference is known, no final decision can be taken on a collective defense pact in Southeast Asia . . . Her Majesty's government has not embarked on any negotiations involving commitments," and would not until after Geneva.

Churchill's statement, and Eden's busy activity at Geneva, made clear that the British have very different aims from the French and U.S. The allies are still apart. Last week France urgently asked the U.S. under what conditions it might be willing to intervene to help the French if 1) the military situation deteriorated rapidly; 2) if the Chinese intervened openly; 3) if no settlement was reached at Geneva. Anthony Eden was both agitated by the question and angered at being left out. He rushed off to see U.S. Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith. If the U.S. intervenes militarily in Indo-China and the result is world war, said Eden, Britain would have to be on the U.S. side. But he warned that if the U.S. intervenes and the fighting remains localized, Britain would remain aloof—even if the Chinese retaliated by openly joining the fighting.

Britain, Eden emphasized, is not interested in intervening in Indo-China under any circumstances. The British are willing to talk about a Southeast Asian pact after Geneva, but only a pact designed to guarantee what may be left of a partitioned Indo-China as a kind of buffer state—not to help the French fight on. Partition must come first.

In refusing to talk about the future until something happens at Geneva, the British ignored or refused to recognize the possibility that the Communists might drag out the talks indefinitely, as they did at Panmunjom—and more profitably. Last week the Communists seemed to be quite content to bleed France a little whiter, in the hope that such bleeding would make the French more pliable.

By delay, the Communists could also take military advantage of the free man's own virtues—his reluctance to squander life unnecessarily if there is a chance of peace, his sense of honest dealing which keeps him from waging war while talking peace. No such inhibitions bother the iron men of Communism.

No Time for Laughter

While the Communists looked on and sometimes laughed, the West spent most of the week stepping on each other's toes, complaining, apologizing and explaining themselves to each other.

An overexcited and incomplete report of Dulles' press conference (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) came to France's Georges Bidault in the midst of an afternoon session. Set-faced and grim, Bidault accosted the U.S.'s Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith the minute the session was over. "What does this mean?" he demanded bluntly. Smith hastily telephoned Washington for a full transcript of Dulles' press conference.

Even after reading it a few hours later, Bidault was only partly reassured. Said one French diplomat: "When you said Korea was outside your security line, the Communists attacked. What might they do if they believe you will not fight for Indo-China? We had felt that the U.S. was resolved to save as much as possible of Indo-China. Now how can we feel? Only that you will let it go."

Native Wit. It was only the first blow of the week for Bidault. Bidault had sworn that if the Laniel government fell, he would remain at Geneva as representative of a caretaker government even if he had "to go back to France every two or three days and stump the country" for his policy. The actual vote (see below), with its majority of two, was almost a bad.

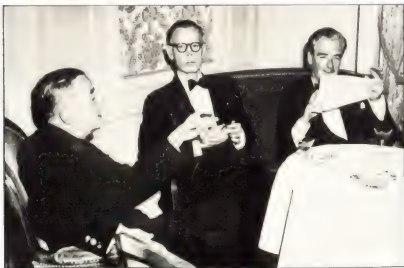
When he could, Bidault stood off the cocky Communists with the only weapon left to him—native wit. When Tep Phan, Foreign Minister of Cambodia, denounced the Viet Minh invasion of his country and produced a telegram reporting the murder of three Cambodians by Viet Minh rebels, Molotov was scathing. "We have heard about this telegram, but we haven't seen it," he declared scornfully. The Cambodian minister waved the telegram aloft. "Now we have seen it, but we still haven't read it," snapped Molotov, to the laughter of the Communist delegations.

Bidault stood up. "When men are dying, we should not be laughing," he said. "I should like to point out that the laughter did not come from the free nations' benches." The laughter stopped abruptly. Amid dead silence, Molotov arose and admitted sheepishly: "I agree with the French Foreign Minister."

One-Sided Respite. Into the vacuum left by the collapse of the U.S.'s hastily laid plans stepped Britain's Anthony Eden. To the Communists' charge that Russia and China are the sole champions of Asian nationalist aspirations, Eden pointed out that since the war, India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon have all achieved independence from Britain. "Therefore I resent and reject the suggestion that we ignore or oppose the tide of national feeling in Asia. And I ask: Where is there real national freedom—in Colombo or in Ulan Bator [capital of Outer Mongolia], in Delhi or in Pyongyang?"

Eden spent long hours conferring with Molotov and China's Chou En-lai, emerged with a suggestion that international supervision of the armistice should be by the United Nations, but not necessarily including the combatants or any of the Geneva powers: "There could be an agreed panel of countries from which these U.N. countries could be drawn."

Molotov yielded an inch, agreed that the two-party commission proposed by the Communist Viet Minh could be supervised by a commission of "neutral" na-



BIDAULT, SMITH & EDEN
The allies are still apart.

Associated Press

* Also Indonesia (from The Netherlands), the Philippines (from the U.S.).

tions. (Bidault agreed that this might be workable; the U.S. produced a report from the U.N. commission of neutrals in Korea indicating that it would not.) Molotov also proposed that any armistice could be guaranteed by the nine parties at Geneva "collectively"—thus giving both China and Russia a veto power on any action. But Molotov rejected completely Bidault's plea for separation of the armistice from a political settlement. Any separation, said Molotov, would amount to a "shrewdly arranged respite for one side."

Giving Pause. Significantly, the biggest Communist artillery was directed at the U.S.'s "underhand activity to build up a new aggressive bloc" in Southeast Asia—a clear indication that the threat of a Southeast Asian pact was the thing that notably gave them pause. Remembering the months of stalling that went on at Panmunjom, the U.S. and France last week began doing what they could toward building such a pact without waiting for Britain. The State Department began consultations with Burma, Ceylon, India, Pakistan and Indonesia, emphasizing that the U.S. was supporting independence, not colonialism. Faced with Navarre's admission that "France alone cannot withstand a general offensive" in Indo-China, Premier Laniel summoned U.S. Ambassador C. Douglas Dillon and asked (to British alarm) just how and under what conditions the U.S. was prepared to take an active hand. Military staff talks began between the U.S., France, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand and the Philippines.

A pact had one major advantage, as the *Economist* pointed out. "In a crisis, public opinion faces the question: Do we or do we not honor our word? It is not necessary for Parliament and people to consider, more or less at pistol point, whether their vital interests are involved or not."

As Others See Us

Relations between the Western allies are at one of their low postwar points. What unity there is was born of irresolution rather than resolution, of recognition of common danger rather than agreement on common action.

In Britain, the very failure of U.S. plans for "united action" brought a sense of relief. The *Times* of London was notably pleased, and seemed to have made a discovery for itself, to wit, that the Americans are not wicked warmongers, after all.

"One immensely important factor which has been all too often ignored in recent years seems at last to have come into its own on Capitol Hill," pontificated the *Times*. "American opinion, in spite of the cold war, in spite of its profound anti-Communism, is still firmly pacific, and, far from straining at the leash, will fight only when all reasonable chances of negotiation have failed. Peace is still, as in Jefferson's day, the American people's passion. . . . By rejecting premature commitments in Indo-China, public opinion has overtaken the party cries."

In better-informed publications there was recognition that Britain had also con-



CHURCHILL
Wait until afterward.

tributed its bit to confusion among the allies. The weekly *Spectator* blamed equally "Mr. Dulles' tendency to underestimate the diplomatic difficulties of a strong policy. President Eisenhower's unwillingness to give a courageous lead," and "Sir Winston Churchill's determination to stake everything on high-level international meetings, the unwillingness of the British government to back the undoubtedly clumsy but fundamentally sound basic American policy of firmness in the face of all Communist maneuvers."

In Western Germany, dismay at the U.S. performance touched off a spate of statements urging direct negotiations with the Russians. In the German view, Dulles went to Geneva with both hands tied behind his back by Congress, and left looking like the small boy who takes the hat and ball home because he is not allowed to pitch. Wrote *TIME*'s Bonn correspondent: "The U.S. is Bonn's godfather: Bonn expects it to lead the infant Federal Republic out into the world. But daily the U.S. seems more lost itself."

In India, officials were rosily pleased to see the U.S. forced into a secondary role at Geneva. Nehru told his Parliament that a real model for Asian agreements was his new pact with China, in which India meekly accepted the Red Chinese conquest of its northern neighbor, Tibet. Nehru made clear to those who had missed the point over the years that India was not ready to join any alliance to resist Communist expansion.

But in strongly anti-Communist Hong Kong, Formosa and Korea, there was concern that the U.S. was hobbled by its own allies in talking of a European-based Asian alliance or one including India, Indonesia or Burma. In their view, the U.S. should base Pacific defense on smaller but more enthusiastic allies: South Korea, Formosa, Thailand, the Philippines.

Cabled *TIME*'s Senior Editor John Osborne from Hong Kong: "America's problem in Asia is to make Asians feel that it is safe to be non-Communist or anti-Communist. Our intervention in Korea made millions of Asians feel that it was safe to be anti-Communist, and thereby started a great turn against Communism. Our present demonstration of unwillingness and unreadiness to make non-Communism safe in Indo-China has impaired Asian confidence in America and in the practicality of being on America's side. But the overwhelming, though negative, preference of Asia still is not to be Communist. What is required to turn this negative into a mighty positive is an early demonstration that it is safe to be for us, and against our enemies."

FRANCE

Suspended Sentence

One afternoon last week stolid Premier Joseph Laniel walked to the rostrum in the National Assembly, ran a stubby finger around his collar to loosen it, and began, in a flat, unemphatic voice, to read a speech. For the second time in eight days, to bolster France's search for peace at Geneva, Joseph Laniel was staking his Cabinet's continuation in office on a vote of confidence. He had survived the first vote (before the fall of Dienbienphu) by a comfortable margin, 311 to 263. This time he realized that his government might fall.

Laniel first took up Dienbienphu: "The defeat must be explained by a sudden change in Viet Minh war methods, brought about with Chinese aid. . . . The battle of Dienbienphu marks a turning point in the evolution of Viet Minh military strength. Our garrison had been caught by surprise." Snapped a Socialist Deputy: "We are still surprised!"

To Carry On. Laniel continued: "The government has taken measures to provide our commander in chief with the means to carry on." It would send to Indo-China several more battalions of troops, crews and mechanics for 25 bombers, and two flotillas of naval craft, plus artillery, tanks and machine guns—but still no conscripts. Then he came to the crux of his plea for support: "I refuse to believe that at the present hour this Assembly intends to provoke a rupture of the negotiations. . . . What other policy [than ours] do you propose? Some people seem to rely more upon our enemies than our friends, and it has become fashionable in certain quarters to complain more about the U.S., which is helping us, than about the Viet Minh, who are killing our soldiers." This remark drew a heated, mendacious retort from the Communist benches: "We are as good patriots as you are!"

Joseph Laniel survived the balloting by the narrowest margin—two votes—of his 103-month tenure as Premier. The count showed 280 votes for, 287 against, with 33 abstentions. The French press called the result a "suspended sentence," and many a man in the street concluded that

the Deputies, acting in psychic accord, had engineered the two-vote margin as a stinging reproof to Laniel. Bringing down Laniel could have caused new elections, and the Deputies' own seats would have been in jeopardy. Three Gaullists who had intended to abstain changed their minds and voted for Laniel.

Said the right-wing pro-Gaullist *L'Aurore*: "This confidence vote had nothing to do with 'confidence.'" Said the right-wing independent *Le Figaro*: "The parties did not want to choke Laniel to death, they merely wanted to make it difficult for him to continue breathing." The left-wing Socialist *France-Tireur*: "By scientifically doctoring its votes, the Chamber has . . . condemned itself even more severely than it condemned the government."

Two to Make Peace. This might well be the last confidence vote that durable Joseph Laniel would survive; and henceforth the government would be unable to take any bold action requiring legislative approval, such as the sending of conscript troops overseas. "A two-vote majority may be sufficient to make peace," said *Le Monde*. "It is certainly not sufficient . . . to continue the war." At Geneva frail, glum Foreign Secretary Georges Bidault (who has lost several pounds in recent days) went gallantly on with France's search for peace.

INDO-CHINA

Back to Dienbienphu

A French Red Cross helicopter clattered out of a slate-grey sky, and put down at Dienbienphu. Two khaki-clad officers and an angular French civilian stepped gingerly down to the muddy, shell-torn airstrip, and a Communist liaison officer came forward to greet them. "You are one hour ahead of schedule, *messieurs*," said the Communist. "You should know that our Democratic Republic's time is one hour behind your own. Now, if you will please follow me." The French had come back to Dienbienphu to settle terms for evacuating their 1,500 wounded, as vouchsafed by the Communists at Geneva.

The little party moved off beneath a new Communist victory arch to three conference tents at the end of the runway. The Communists offered the Frenchmen tea with sugar, and Lucky Strikes. "They were very polite," said the helicopter pilot. "All they wanted was to be treated as soldiers according to their rank. But we didn't think very much about anything. The whole place was as silent as a graveyard, and when the wind kicked up, we could smell the death around us."

Decision in a Tent. The conference began. The French civilian, Dean Pierre Huard of Hanoi University's Medical School, first asked the Communists how many wounded prisoners they would release. "Four hundred and fifty to start with," replied a Communist doctor. "And 250 of these are serious cases." Asked Dr. Huard: "What about the Vietnamese soldiers you captured?" Replied a Commu-

nist colonel: "We want them to have a correct appreciation of the realities."

What were the Red conditions for the release? Said the colonel: "We want you to cease all air attacks within a radius of six miles of the Dienbienphu valley, and also along 70 miles of Route Coloniale 41 between Dienbienphu and Sonla. We use this road to evacuate our wounded and your own healthy prisoners of war."

It so happened that Route Coloniale 41 was Red General Giap's direct line of advance against Hanoi and the Red River Delta, but Huard apparently accepted the Red terms without question. That night the French army radio put out this note of appreciation: "The delegates of the French high command thank the delegates of the Viet people's army for their humanitarian concern." And the Communists seemed just as friendly next day when



PREMIER LANIEL
So little strength.

they helped load the first eleven wounded into a couple of French helicopters: "We hope you will remember what we have done for you. We hope this war will end very soon. *Now au revoir*." But the eleven wounded men of Dienbienphu "were rather hostile" to the Communist speechmakers, said one who was there, and the helicopters quickly took off.

Story from the Hospital. About 15 hours later, the wounded were resting in Hanoi's military hospital, and three men were well enough to tell Dienbienphu's last story. "It seemed as though thousands of shells were striking our hospital bunker," said Private Michel Champougny. "One shell exploded right inside another bunker, and the wounded were buried alive. Outside we could hear the screaming of the Viet Minh and the answering shouts of the French. Everyone was fighting, hand to hand. But around 6 p.m. there was silence, and we knew the battle was over.

"At 7 p.m. some Viet Minh soldiers, their helmets camouflaged with leaves, came into our bunker. 'We are fighting for our country,' a Viet Minh officer told us, 'and there are things worse than that.' Some of the Viet were laughing, but there was no attempt to mistreat us. The Viet said in French for our doctors, orderlies and walking wounded to form column, and they led them away. They later took away our nurse, Miss de Galard.* She looked as unafraid as ever. I also saw the Viet taking General de Castries. He was wearing his mudstained battledress and his red overseas cap. He looked detached and impassive. He climbed into a jeep between two heavily armed Viet soldiers, and was driven away.

"Then for three days, we lay where we were. Nobody bothered with us. One by one the badly wounded died. We had nothing to eat. The strongest ones dragged themselves over to a nearby dugout and found a few cans of French rations. Finally ten Viet Minh doctors and orderlies appeared. They made tents out of parachutes and put us inside them. They had nothing—no medicine, no disinfectants. The surgeons performed operations without anesthetics. We heard our comrades screaming. Then to our astonishment the French doctors and orderlies were brought back. Miss de Galard came back too. One day the Communists told me I was going to be released. They never told me why."

The second group, the walking wounded, were quartered in some camouflaged straw huts in the jungle. In this camp, the Communists divided the Foreign Legionnaires into nationality groups and distributed Communist literature. "Every day there were three hours of political indoctrination," said German Legionnaire Nicholas Neller. "They kept talking about American capitalism and English capitalism, but I was not interested."

Discovery at GHQ. At week's end a second French delegation flew to Dienbienphu. But around this time, it finally dawned upon the French commanders that they had been outwitted: the Communists were releasing no more than a pathetic handful of wounded per day, while their advance guards were driving down roads the French had agreed not to bomb (see below). The French were risking defeat in the next battle to save a few gallant survivors of the last. So GHQ decided, "for technical reasons," to cancel the entire evacuation agreement, and to start bombing Route Coloniale 41. But GHQ assured the Communists that they were still ready to negotiate a fair agreement to save the wounded.

On to Hanoi

For six days last week, Red General Giap was able to move his infantry, his field artillery and his rocket-launchers down unobstructed roads toward the greatest single objective in all Indo-

* Lieut. Geneviève de Galard Terraube, the only woman nurse at Dienbienphu. She has been awarded the Legion of Honor.

China: the teeming, rice-rich Red River Delta and its center, Hanoi.

The strategic delta is one of the world's most densely populated areas: in this flat alluvial plain live 7,000,000 people. A phantom Red army of some 90,000 guerrillas already controls at least two-thirds of the delta by day, almost all of it by night. The 2,000 French-Vietnamese forces there are atolls in a seeming Red Sea.

For 60 successive days, the Red guerrillas in the delta had been strong enough to dig trenches and lay mines across vital Route Coloniale 5—Hanoi's only main road link with its supply port, Haiphong. Last week some 2,000 Communists stormed a French battalion position 36 miles from Hanoi and a Vietnamese outpost less than seven miles from the city. Giap clearly intended to keep the delta Frenchmen off balance while he rested his 40,000 regulars from their pummeling at Dienbienphu and redeployed them from the malarial jungles before the monsoon set in. Giap's likely next moves: first, break Route Coloniale 5 and isolate Hanoi; second, storm Hanoi.

The French had fewer than 20,000 in Hanoi, 50,000 (mostly shaky Vietnamese) elsewhere in the delta, and they were desperately flying in reinforcements from southern Indo-China and from France and North Africa (via U.S. airlift). Commanding General Navarre reportedly asked Paris for two fresh divisions, yet his officers did their best to appear calm and unconcerned. Said Navarre's top deputy in Hanoi last week: "The situation in the delta is serious, but not desperate." French generals said exactly that during the last days at Dienbienphu.

City in Danger

The little Vietnamese official looked sadly across his desk in Hanoi's city hall. "The poor man will stay, and the rich man will go," he said. "I am neither, but I am a nationalist, and I therefore must go—and I have lived here all my life." The 300-lb. French restaurateur popped an olive into his mouth: "I came to Hanoi in 1945 as a sergeant-cook. I now have \$30,000 invested in my restaurant, and I'm staying until I have to leave." Cried the barefoot refugee in a three-room house where 23 people live: "I left my village two years ago because there was shooting every day. Now there is no place left for me to go." The problem to the three men was common: Hanoi, their city, was in danger. "We have had many scares in the past seven years of war," said a Vietnamese pharmacist. "But this time I think we all know that something will happen."

Normalcy and fear. The danger to Hanoi was scarcely visible. The streets were still chockablock with *cyclos* (cycle taxis, 14¢ a ride). Shrimp and snail vendors crouched behind their tiny stalls clacking metal scissors—the noisy symbol of their trade. Almond-skinned girls in straw hats and pajamalike silk costumes strolled hand-in-hand to school, and at midnight there was the customary flood of

drunken soldiers and giggling tarts as the taxi-dance joints closed down.

Yet in Hanoi there was an undertow of fear. There were more tanks, more armored cars in the streets, more Vietnamese guardsmen drilling in the Jardin Botanique. There were more bandaged soldiers in the grim De Lanesan hospital, and there were many more planes in the sky. Sometimes the French 105-mm. pounded unseen targets unusually close to the suburbs; or an alien burst of machine-gun fire slashed across one of the two city airfields; or a trigger-happy Senegalese sentry fired and shouted in the dark. French and Vietnamese housewives were finding everyday items much harder to get, much more expensive, as the businessmen started to pull out.

As recently as last March, it cost \$6 to truck a one-ton load 58 miles into Hanoi



VIET NAM'S BAO DAI
AGIP—Black Star
So little time.

from Haiphong: last week it cost \$25. One Hanoi dry-goods importer last year did \$90,000 worth of business; last week he reduced his 1954 estimate to \$35,000. The surest barometer of Hanoi's fear: real-estate values are down some 30% since March.

Voices in the City. Not long ago, the Red advance would have made glad tidings for Hanoi. In 1946 perhaps 80% of Hanoi's 140,000 people were for the Communists, and the French had to fight to secure themselves when the war began there. Last week Vietnamese authorities estimated that the city's population was up to 340,000 and that Communist support was down to about 30%. From Communist-held areas, thousands of refugees who could not stomach Red taxation, conscription and forced labor crowded the city.

The trend in Hanoi in the little time left was all towards Vietnamese nationalism—a patriotism that was both anti-

Communist and anti-French. There was even one surprising new group of militants called the *jusqu'au boutistes*, the "to-the-enders." These Vietnamese, led by the able and increasingly influential General Nguyen Van Hinh, chief of staff of Viet Nam's national army, were all for checking the Communists at Hanoi and at Geneva. They urged Vietnamese Chief of State Bao Dai to lead them to real independence. "No compromise is possible," said one to-the-ender last week. "Free elections now would mean a Communist victory—for the Communists are organized, and we are not. And partition would be treason to the nation."

There were many such nationalists in threatened Hanoi last week, and Red guerrillas and Frenchmen and neutrals and the teeming *attentistes*, the wait-and-sees. But perhaps most of all there were the resigned ones, who wished only that the French, the Communists, their own nationalists and the war would go away and leave them in peace. "Life is a gamble," sighed one of these resigned ones unhappily. "Perhaps we played the wrong card."

GREAT BRITAIN

Homecoming

As seems always to be the case on Elizabeth's great occasions, it was chill, dank and raining as Britain's 28-year-old Queen returned to England last week for the first time in nearly six months. But not even a generous sample of what all Britons have come to call "the Queen's weather" could cool the warmth of her welcome. Crowds rivaling those which thronged London for the coronation lined the royal route from Westminster Pier where Elizabeth stepped ashore.

All along the Thames-side and along the south coast of England from Cornwall to Kent the night and day before, other eager millions had clustered, to follow the course of Her Majesty's yacht *Britannia*. As it steamed slowly toward the Pool of London, it was escorted by warships of the Royal Navy and the greatest flotilla of private craft since Britain's yachtsmen set forth in a body to rescue the British forces on the beach at Dunkirk. Some fresh from their beds in pajamas and trenchcoats, others stiff with long waiting, the observers on shore pinched each other at the sight of any moving figure on the yacht's deck and called excitedly: "There she is! There she is!"

The Priceless Possession. As the royal yacht moved closer to shore at the river's mouth, the Queen was more plainly discernible. Like perhaps a thousand or more other mothers on the shore at that precise moment, she was firmly gripping the coat collar of her squirming son to keep him from leaning too perilously over the rail. The cheers that rose at the sight of her familiar, youthful, dignified figure on the *Britannia's* deck were tinged with relief and thanksgiving. It is part of the family feeling that characterizes the British attitude toward its monarchy that all Britons

feel safer when their sovereign is home in England. During the 174 days during which she had traveled by land, sea and air more than 40,000 miles, Elizabeth's subjects in Australia, in Ceylon, in the British West Indies, even in tiny Tonga (*TIME*, Nov. 30 *et seq.*), had made it plain that they considered her their Queen as well as Britain's, and that they hoped to see more of her in the future.

That was a new idea to many Britons. What had been a titular role, her trip had made real. Said the *Economist* sternly: "Let the bells, the bands, the saluting cannonade ring over London with no note of jealous possessiveness, no claim that the capital is taking back to itself a priceless possession that has been on loan . . . for it is the other Commonwealth countries which have a right to ask of Britain today that we should not overwork their Queen."

Ride to Buckingham. Every whistle in London Harbor let loose a blast as she stepped ashore to the roar of a 41-gun salute, to be greeted by members of her own family and by government officials headed by beaming Sir Winston Churchill, who bowed to the Queen and her husband and shook hands gravely with the five-year-old Duke of Cornwall. It was the gallant old Prime Minister's second official greeting. By special invitation he had spent the previous night on the royal yacht, and scurried home in the morning to change from his Trinity House uniform to a morning coat for the pier-side ceremony. After the greetings, Elizabeth, Philip and their children entered an open landau drawn by six Windsor greys for the triumphal procession past more cheering crowds back to Buckingham. Hours later, the crowds were still pressing so thickly before the floodlit palace that the Queen was obliged to leave a state dinner to greet and reassure them all over again.

Greyed Eel to Be Said

Visiting Americans often regard the elegant accents of BBC announcers as the proper speech of Britain. But Englishmen often find themselves as confused and baffled by BBC speech as Americans are. Last week, in the letters column of the *Daily Telegraph* and elsewhere, a chorus of puzzled listeners cited examples of peculiar BBC enunciation, which, taken together, added up to a handy glossary of current radio speech in Britain. Samples:

Miss Treeden—Britain's Foreign Secretary.

Chube—the London underground.

Greyed Eel—a large amount.

Good Eel—a fair amount.

Port Rote—a picture.

Picked Yure—a portrait.

Tramf—a triumph, as Churchill's *Tramf* and *Tragedy*.

Countess of Ayr—the public official in charge of county surveys.

oath-takers was a 31-year-old Negro servant, well known for his loyalty to Mrs. Eileen Ennis, one of Mombasa's 2,000 whites. He returned to the Ennis household with two panga knives, slashed Mrs. Ennis and stabbed her sleeping daughter. When the police arrived, the Mau Mau had thrust a knife into his own chest, and was desperately trying to electrocute himself at the household fuse box.

¶ In Wakamba territory, southeast of Nairobi, a gang of screaming tribesmen, shooting pistols and poisoned arrows, attacked a veterinary inspector at Machakos. "We want your head!" they screamed, but Dick McCausland, with an arrow in his arm, valiantly fought them off and retained his head. The Wakamba, 600,000 strong, supply one-third of the rank & file, perhaps half the NCOs in both the Kenya police and the King's African Rifles. "If the Wakamba have now gone Mau Mau," gloomed one weary settler, "the position of Kenya may become desperate."

KENYA

Spreading Terror

Though the British have killed 4,600 Mau Mau in firefights and by execution, the terror in Kenya lives on. Last week the Security forces completed Operation Anvil, rounding up 35,000 Africans in the capital city of Nairobi. Of these, they penned 26,500 Kikuyu in concentration camps, or on Manda Island where no guards are needed because the Indian Ocean swarms with sharks. But still the terror spread:

¶ Near Mombasa (pop. 85,000), chief town in the steamy coastal plain, a gang of blood-smeared Negroes buried the remains of two mutilated sheep, then crept back to their huts after taking the Mau Mau oath: "I swear to kill a white man, or may this oath kill me!" One of the

ITALY

The Street of Dark Shops

Communism in Italy is big business. The party spends \$40 to \$48 million a year; to run its elaborate headquarters on Rome's Via delle Botteghe Oscure (The Street of Dark Shops) costs another million a year. Although the U.S.S.R. always contributes some funds, the Italian Reds last year passed along 300 million lire (\$480,000) to their hard-up comrades in France. There are Communists in the Army signal corps, in the public utilities, in the railroads, in the government bureaucracy, among the magistrates.

These are among the facts about their own Communists that Italians were learning for the first time last week. They were set down by Luigi Barzini, 45, one of Italy's outstanding correspondents (trained



ROYAL FAMILY IN HOMECOMING PROCESSION
Thanksgiving, relief and a characteristic feeling of safety.

© Kemsley Picture Service

Which picture would you be in if you had a **blowout**?



This one... The tires on this car are equipped with standard single chamber tubes. When a blowout occurs, all the air rushes out of the single chamber tube, and the car crashes down on the rim!

In a split second, the steering wheel can be yanked out of your hands, causing the car to swerve out of control—and perhaps into disaster!

SINGLE CHAMBER



or this one... The tires on this car are equipped with Double Chamber LifeGuard Safety Tubes. The life-saving reserve of air in the second chamber has prevented any dangerous drop of the wheel.

You have plenty of time to come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop. LifeGuard's second chamber can save you and your family from possible serious injury or death.

LIFEGUARD

Double air chamber



Cost less because they're re-usable! You continue to enjoy blowout-safe driving on your LifeGuard Safety Tubes through three or more sets of tires, for 100,000 or more miles. Because they last longer, they cost much less per mile. New LifeGuards are available with puncture-sealant, too.

See your Goodyear dealer and let him show you the value of having LifeGuard Safety Tubes on your car. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



Illustration: LifeGuard Safety Tubes by Goodyear, Akron, Ohio

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at Columbia School of Journalism), in a series of articles that were running in Milan's influential *Corriere della Sera* (circ. 450,000). His was Italy's first serious journalistic analysis of the Italian Communist Party, an eloquent comment on the present state of Italian journalism. Barzini went to the Reds themselves for facts and figures, and after some stalling they gave him at least part of what he asked for. His pieces are not roars of rage or compendiums of gossip; they are quiet and factual, but because his digging was so unprecedented, they have pay dirt in almost every paragraph.

Tomorrow's Salvation. Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti, when he goes to work, dresses and acts like a big industrial executive. Writes Barzini: "Togliatti knows that nobody likes really militant Communism. He knows that such Communism always ends tragically, causing powerful defense coalitions to be formed against it. Togliatti will make any sacrifice and concession just so the party can survive. There are only two things that he is afraid of: isolation and unwavering anti-Communism."

Under this "soft policy," Italian Communism has become a "serious, dangerous and learned party." It has virtually rid itself of Bolshevist fanatics, irrepressible terrorists and chronic barricade jumpers. As a result, older Italians find it hard to believe that Togliatti's suave, businesslike minions are really Communists, and younger Italians find it hard to believe that Communists are furious and disorderly men. The Reds no longer try to scare the middle classes. "Today in Italy," says Barzini, "it is neither dangerous nor uncomfortable nor damaging to be a Communist, and having been one might mean salvation tomorrow."

Please, No Adventures. Many Italian Communists, under their comfortable Red exteriors, says Barzini, are actually individualists and freedom lovers who fear to see an all-out Communist victory. "Reds in the Romagna and Emilia are by tradition liberty-loving, they scarcely tolerate discipline, they are not fond of the bureaucracy that Communism would inevitably establish. Almost all of these people are aware of the fact that freedom is useful to everybody, not only to the rich but also to the worker and farmer as well. They have, by their struggles, won rights which do not exist in Marxist countries."

Since Allied liberation in World War II, the party line in Italy has been not to make but to avoid a revolution. "One of Togliatti's duties in the period right after the war was precisely to see to it that Communists did not attempt to come to power by force, even though the moment seemed ripe for just that. The partisans were still armed; there were entire regions in a state of terror; the government was weak, and the Reds held key posts in the government and police force. But, as Togliatti explained, the Allies would have crushed any such insurrection attempt. Whenever Togliatti talks about such matters today, he invariably recalls what hap-



RED BOSS TOGLIATTI
Courtesy—until the proper time.

pened in Greece in 1944.* Togliatti is not keen on adventures."

Courteous Revolution. In case of war with Russia, the Italian Communists have plans all ready. Six years ago, when Togliatti was shot and almost killed, the comrades momentarily showed their rough hand. They blocked 70 roads leading to Genoa, thus preventing government troops from entering the city. In Venice, they seized the radio station and broadcast false news. In an emergency, Barzini believes they could take over "all vital points" in the nation in a few hours. "In Italy, public order is maintained not so much by legal force as by the prudence of the Communists."

Meanwhile, they are biding their time. "Slow penetration" is the party line. "This amounts to a silent, courteous revolution, gaining ground through good manners, a revolution carried out with the backing of the law, with no haste, moving from one election to the next, finally presenting the nation with a *fait accompli*, without provoking strong reactions, and with hardly anybody realizing what is happening."

Strengthen the Middle. What is the defense against slow penetration? Reporter Barzini has no magic formulas. He believes in reinforcing the "state authority" and in "methodic, inflexible application of the penal and civil codes, the prosecution of illegal practices, of corruption and indulgence in our public life, the modernization of bureaucracy, all that reassures a confused public that there is protection under the law, that there is no need to seek protection from the Communists."

"Though the solution to the problem

may be difficult, complicated and long, the government should realize that it can solve the Communist problem only by strengthening the middle class, helping it financially and morally, restoring its dignity, authority, pride and self-confidence . . . If Italians who are in a position to change our economy just wait to see how things go, how elections turn out, how others defend them from Communism, then the battle is lost."

MIDDLE EAST

The Money's Worth

In the past ten years, the West has poured \$3.8 billion in public and private investments into the Middle East—the largest single chunk of cash the region had ever seen.* What has it bought for the area?

"Very little general benefit," concludes Hedley V. Cooke, a veteran of the U.S. consular service in Turkey and Palestine, writing in the current *Middle Eastern Affairs*. "Large foreign investments have not yet stimulated any cooperative economic planning for the good of the entire region. The main international river systems . . . are still controlled on a piecemeal basis. Proposals for more integration . . . have not been well received." Country by country, however, "some of the results appear considerably more auspicious."

TURKEY got about 45% of all foreign governmental aid to the Middle East. Result: "The economic strength to put up a long-sustained stand against Communism . . . Economic development is now keeping well ahead of population growth. The democratic form of government seems to be well established. Military strength has increased greatly . . ."

ISRAEL got about 20% of foreign-government (mostly American) grants to the Middle East. Result: Israel "has been enabled to realize several major goals": a doubling in population, economic progress rapid enough to ensure political stability and to cause rightist and leftist extremists to lose ground, an army adequate to safeguard independence.

SAUDI ARABIA now gets the bulk of its national revenue from oil royalties. Unfortunately, at present the money goes largely to subsidize royal relatives and tribal chieftains, "a relatively small group lacking in civic conscience."

IRAQ is spending 70% of its oil royalties on long-term development, but "no spectacular results can be expected for at least several years," and in the meantime, public impatience may lead to oil nationalization.

JORDAN "would long ago have ceased to exist as an independent state" but for the

* Of which \$2.5 billion came from the U.S. Direct business investment (90% of it by the U.S., British, Dutch and French oil companies) totals \$1.3 billion. U.S. Government grants and credits, including military aid, total more than \$1 billion. The rest of the \$3.8 billion consists of grants and credits from other foreign governments and about \$600 million in gifts and loans to Israel by American Jewry.

\$200 million it got from Britain, U.N., aid to Palestine refugees and Point Four. One benefit: Jordan's Arab Legion is "the best-trained combat force in any of the Arab states."

What have the foreign investors, chiefly the U.S. (66% of the total) and Great Britain, reaped in return? "Immense oil resources for strategic purposes," says Cooke, and "the firm establishment of Turkey as a strong and friendly vanguard of defense against Communism." Also, "Israel's support of the West, [which] is dependable, no matter whether or not that state is admitted into the Western alliance system." Gains "in Saudi Arabia have been considerable. Apart from the oil . . . they include an American air base at Dhahran."

In the Middle East in general, says Cooke, " . . . the pace of social and economic development is much too slow, even when judged by charitable standards . . . In most of the countries, the will and ability . . . wholeheartedly . . . to struggle against Communism is substantially lacking." His conclusion is qualified: "Bad as the present conditions are, it is a virtual certainty that the total situation, both in the Middle East and in the world as a whole, would be considerably worse today but for the large investment made in the Middle East."

JAPAN

Rebuff for the Premier

Japan's Teachers Union is half a million strong and dominated by Communists. Some of its members use the Communist Party newspaper *Akai* as a text in classes, organize their adolescent charges into party cells, on occasion contribute from their meager (average \$53 monthly) salaries to the financing of anti-U.S. movies.

To clean up this situation, Premier Yoshida last winter instructed Education Minister Shigeo Odachi to draft legislation outlawing the teaching of Communism in the nation's schools. Odachi—former Home Minister and boss of Japan's infamous wartime police, who was barred from public office during the U.S. occupation—happily obliged, but the remedy he produced looked to many almost as bad as the disease it was designed to cure. As passed by the Lower House of the Diet, Odachi's bill would have made it a criminal offense for any teacher to espouse the cause of any political party or doctrine, directly or indirectly, in or out of the classroom. Offenders would be liable to fines ranging up to 30,000 yen (about \$84) and one year in jail.

Solidly backed by Yoshida, the bill passed the Lower House by a vote of 256 to 137. But when it came before the Upper House last week, members balked. Instead of fines and jail sentences, they substituted "administrative punishment," i.e., reprimands or dismissals, which are seldom enforced in Japan. It was 75-year-old Premier Yoshida's first rebuff of the present Diet session.

THE PHILIPPINES

Surrender of a Communist

The Philippine Republic's Public Enemy No. 1 left his jungle hideout and "came down" to Manila last week. After eight years of guerrilla warfare, in which he ordered the murder of thousands and terrorized the young republic in the name of Karl Marx, smirking Luis Taruc came slouching out of the forest and gave himself up. In their mountain fastnesses, his hard-pressed Huk followers were in a bad way.

From exultant Manila newspapers, the wire services picked up the headline: TARUC SURRENDERS TO PRESIDENT MAGSAYSAY, but at the Philippine army's Camp Murphy the situation looked somewhat different. Taruc was installed in quarters usually reserved for VIPs. A



HUK LEADER TARUC
Why grant conditions?

Cabinet officer lent him a flowered shirt, photographers had a field day, soldiers brought in fans to keep him cool. Watching the lean Communist leaning easily on a windowsill, first-naming an Under Secretary, and running his delicate hands through the black curls of his 18-year-old son Romeo, an officer snapped: "You would think he was the head of state waiting to talk to another head of state."

Dead or Alive. Taruc's surrender had been arranged, with President Magsaysay's approval, through a Manila newspaper columnist named Benigno Aquino. Early one morning last week, troops of the Philippine first military area thought they had Taruc cornered north of Manila. Under Colonel Manuel Cabal, the troops were closing in on Barrio San Pablo, a hamlet near the foot of Mount Arayat (3,378 ft.), where Taruc was known to be hiding. Colonel Cabal was convinced that the rebel leader would soon be captured, dead or alive, but as the leading

troops reached the village, a lieutenant intervened. He distracted the men away from a house where Taruc was hiding, and the terrorist escaped, disguised in women's clothes.

"I Accept." Cabal was fighting mad, but there was nothing he could do. The lieutenant was carrying out orders originating with President Magsaysay himself. Columnist Aquino, it seemed, had promised to meet Taruc without fail next morning, and the army was not supposed to interfere with his plans.

Taruc kept the appointment in the very barrio from which he had escaped. "From a distance, I spotted his lanky figure," reported Aquino afterwards. "He was standing alone, silhouetted against the morning sky . . . He met me, smiling." The two men shook hands, and Aquino said: "Do you unconditionally accept the President's terms?"

Said Taruc: "I accept."

As Taruc left San Pablo, the villagers wept. They are fanatically loyal to him, said Colonel Cabal. Taruc was driven to Camp Murphy, and the government took over. He was the biggest prize taken in the eight-year-old war against the Huk guerrillas. Looking relaxed and confident, Taruc announced that he had "come down" because of "a deep conviction of the sincerity of the President . . . to work out a program which will give peace and prosperity." Magsaysay's terms, he said, "laid the basis of negotiations," and he was now "joining the forces of law and order."

Upper Hand. He was scarcely a welcome addition. Philippine army men bluntly recommended that Bandit Taruc be brought to trial (for murder, treason and arson) and quickly sentenced to death. They well remembered Taruc's last "surrender"—in 1948, when he accepted an amnesty, returned to his seat in the Philippine Congress (to which he was elected in the liberation days of 1946), collected his back pay, and skeddaddled back to the Luzon hills. This time, snapped General Jesus Vargas, the army's chief of staff, no deal had been made; Magsaysay owed Taruc nothing. "We have the upper hand. Why should we grant conditions?"

Despite the peculiar circumstances of his surrender, there could be no doubt that Taruc's guerrilla army is in despair. In the Philippines at least, the Communists are now on the run. After interviewing Taruc, General Vargas gave his own estimate that Huk strength in the field has fallen from a high of 10,000 in 1948 to less than 1,500. Huk "sympathizers," some of them starved into despair by the government's ruthless pursuit, others attracted by the government's offer of more land and security, have probably been reduced from around a million to about 30,000.

As an old and faithful Communist, Taruc may have concluded that he could best serve his waning cause by giving up. "There is no further reason," Taruc volunteered helpfully during his interrogation, "why more blood should be spilled."



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THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Dignity? We Got It

Among the blunt instruments in President Juan Perón's political knapsack is a 1948 law making it a punishable offense to write or say "anything that offends the dignity of any public official." Time and again under this law of *desacato* (disrespect), Argentine politicians and journalists have landed in jail for airing even mild anti-Perón opinions. Said Perón in a speech this month: "We must keep the due dignity of office intact. This is only fair; otherwise systematic attacks will become customary, and who can say how far that will take us?"

Last week the *desacato* law took some Argentines in the inland city of Córdoba far beyond the point of absurdity. Traffic Commissioner Antonio J. Luco wrote an appeals court judge a letter informing him that he was not entitled to the particular official license plate he was using on his car. Two days later, the court ordered Luco arrested for *desacato*. Sentence: four days in jail. Offense: using "Esteemed Sir" as the salutation of the letter instead of "Your Excellency."

MEXICO

Self-Help Program

The Mexican government's recent drastic 31% devaluation of the peso (TIME, April 26) caught the country by surprise, but the country's reaction—in soaring prices and roaring protests—has given the Mexican government almost as big a shock. Last week, in his first direct appeal to the people, President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines spoke over radio and TV in an effort to dispel a mood of confusion and despair.

After a short, stern sermon on work as Mexico's only salvation, Ruiz Cortines proclaimed a 30-point program of action for dealing with the economic consequences of devaluation. Items:

- 1. 250,000 federal employees will get a 10% pay raise June 1.
- 2. Private employers should follow suit, absorbing the raises.
- 3. Farm support prices on corn, beans, wheat and rice will also be raised 10%.
- 4. The record \$400 million public-works program will be speeded up.
- 5. Export industries will get government credit and tax rebates, and the 25% export tax imposed at the time of devaluation will be lifted on manufactured goods.

Though the devaluation crisis had sharply reminded the government of Mexico's dependence on U.S. dollars, Ruiz Cortines made no mention in his program of foreign private investment. The only indication that Mexico could not pull herself up entirely by her own bootstraps was his announcement that he intends "to negotiate long-term foreign credits for railroad rehabilitation, expansion of fertilizer production and the realization of our program of port development."

BRAZIL

Visitor from Lebanon

A Brazilian airliner startlingly painted with Arabic characters landed at Rio's Galeão field one day last week. "Special for President Chamoun," said the inscription, and on board was the chief executive of Lebanon, first Middle Eastern head of state ever to visit South America. In the welcoming committee surrounding President Getúlio Vargas, Camille Chamoun noted six Congressmen of Lebanese descent. Said he, "I already feel at home."

President Chamoun was aware that there are 250,000 Lebanese in Brazil. Smaller than Connecticut, the republic at the eastern end of the Mediterranean



PRESIDENT CHAMOUN
For Abdallah, a samba.

is so densely populated (1,250,000) that a nearly equal number have moved out and now live abroad. Some 100,000 are in the U.S., many in Brooklyn. Explained a Foreign Office official in Beirut: "Our people have been traders since the dawn of history, and they can sniff a business opportunity a long way off."

Some Lebanese opportunity-sniffers in Brazil have been strikingly successful. Notable example: the textile-and-banking Jafets, currently headed by Vargas-Backer Ricardo Jafet. But many a Lebanese in Brazil is simply a backlands pots-and-pans trader. Of such, Brazilians are currently singing a popular samba:

*Hallah, hallah, hallah,
Have pity on Abdallah;
Up and down the hills he trots,
Carrying his sample box.*

With Lebanese-Brazilian links such as these, Chamoun's visit was sure to be friendly. He received the Grand Collar of

the Southern Cross from Vargas, signed a "most-favored-nation" commercial treaty, addressed Congress. Everywhere he plugged Arab-Latin American solidarity in the United Nations.

This week Chamoun was in São Paulo, where the Avenida Paulista is dotted with the mosque-style homes of wealthy Lebanese. Next on his itinerary: Uruguay, where there are 15,000 Lebanese, and Argentina, where there are 150,000.

HONDURAS

General Strike

A general strike, the first in its history, last week paralyzed Honduras' north coast, home of the banana industry. More than 40,000 workers were out, and 40 million bananas a week were ripening and rotting. At one banana company compound, strikers switched locks on the gates and made U.S. managers ask permission to go in or out.

A petty dispute set off the strike late last month at the U.S.-owned United Fruit Co.'s port of Puerto Cortés. Because there are no recognized unions (they are banned by law), no one expected the strike to spread. But laborers quit first at United Fruit Co., then at Standard Fruit & Steamship Co., finally in most of the area's shops, factories and mines. With breathtaking efficiency they organized local strike committees.

Was the hand of Honduras' neighbor, Communist-infiltrated Guatemala, showing in the strike? Said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in Washington last week: "There is at least an interesting coincidence in the fact that the strikes have occurred principally in an area to which the Guatemalan government recently sent three consuls who have subsequently been declared *persona non grata* by the government of Honduras because of their activities."

Guatemalan Communists, in recent years, have roughed up United Fruit with labor demands and land expropriation, and have exacted such labor concessions as pay for unworked Sundays, improved housing, free medical care, severance pay and paid vacations. None of these provisions are yet in force in Honduras, although United Fruit workers are the highest paid in the country. The difference gave Guatemalan Reds fuel for propaganda denouncing United Fruit and "imperialismo Yanqui." The result was the current strike.

President Juan Manuel Gálvez, one-time United Fruit lawyer, does not want to lose the labor vote for his candidate in next October's presidential election. Last week, therefore, he privately asked United Fruit to negotiate even before the strikers go back to work, and to start talking turkey on higher wages, paid vacations, double overtime pay. The company agreed, "¡Viva Gálvez!" cried the strikers.



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INDUSTRIAL GASES

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Tablehoppers, a newly opened Hollywood saloon for members only. One of the founding Tablehoppers, **Hotel Heir Conrad** ("Nicky") **Hilton Jr.**, 27, whooped his way out of the place in the tow of a good Samaritan, **Cinemactor John (Surrender) Carroll**, who tried to beach rudderless Nicky in a quiet berth in Carroll's apartment near by. On their long voyage home, Nicky got hold of the car door, expertly swung it to blacken Carroll's eye. Local cops, called by Carroll's neighbors, described the rest of the trip. To the echoes of cursing, screaming and collapsing furniture, Nicky greeted them with a manful challenge: "You want a fight? Here I am!" In handcuffs, Nicky was hauled in a radio car to the police station, where he hoarsely announced: "I can buy and sell the lot of you, and I'm going to do it, too." After kicking a cop in the shins, Nicky was calmed down. He gave his age as 22, his occupation as "loafer," his pleasure as getting sprung for \$1,000 bribe (declined). Booked as a common drunk, Nicky was taken to county jail with exactly \$14.16 in his jeans.

In Iran, an appeals tribunal upheld the punishment of former Premier **Mohammed Mossadegh**, who, in deference to his allergy to jail, had got one of history's shortest stretches for high treason: three years in prison, thus far livened only by a "fast unto death" that lasted two days.

Two of the nation's most venerable poets, New England's patriarchal **Robert (Birches) Frost**, 79, and the Midwest's lean-jawed **Carl (Chicago) Sandburg**, 76,



POETS FROST & SANDBURG
New laurels.

Edgar Ron

looking more than ever like blood brothers, showed up at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria for some new laurels. To them and eight other U.S. authors went awards from the Limited Editions Club for having written "books which seem most likely to survive as classics."

In Madrid to relax at the bullfights, **Author Ernest Hemingway** claimed that his two plane crashes in Africa (TIME, Feb. 1) had come closer to killing him than anyone, including indestructible Poppa himself, suspected at the time. A ship's doctor, on the voyage from Africa to Italy, examined Hemingway, who complained of aches and pains, and, as Poppa fancifully recalled the diagnosis, spotted 1) three compressed vertebrae, 2) a ruptured kidney and liver, 3) a collapsed intestine, 4) a brain concussion, 5) partial



United Press

ACTRESS O'BRIEN
Tighter purse strings.

blindness, 6) bad scalp burns. Moreover, before sailing from Mombasa, Poppa had rushed off into the bush as a volunteer fire-fighter. There he got badly burned again but never said much about it, because by then "people would have thought I was hamming it." Now on the mend under Spain's warm spring sun, Hemingway, planning to head for his Cuban home next month, had a welcome assurance for his readers: "The doctors said the head injury did not affect the section of the brain I use to write with."

In Hollywood, **Entrepreneur Elliott Roosevelt** announced that, after rummaging through some old personal papers and other documents, he and a collaborator had reconstructed an original screenplay missing since 1923, when its author sent it to Paramount studios. It was called *I Have Just Begun to Fight*, a stirring film



International

COMPOSER BERLIN
Old favorites.

biography of Admiral **John Paul Jones**, a lifelong idol of the scenarist, **Franklin D. Roosevelt**, who wrote it when Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

A Los Angeles judge chided onetime Child **Cinemactress Margaret O'Brien**, 17, for extravagance. Margaret has recently been growing up at a cost of about \$12,000 a year, which includes such bagatelles as a \$46 lunch and an \$800 hotel bill. Her assets have dwindled to \$156,297.10. The court advised Margaret's guardian mother that the purse strings must be tightened "if Margaret is to have any assets at all when she reaches 21."

After picking up an honorary Doctor of Music degree (his second) at Temple University's annual music convocation, gravel-voiced **Composer Irving Berlin**, 66, who luckily has not for years had to sing for a living, was pictured as he good-naturedly obliged his hosts with a faintly recognizable medley of his hit tunes.

One of radio's grand old (55) announcers whose autobiography, *This Is Norman Brokenshire*, was published last month, announced that he is hard at work on a sequel. It will tell how some 50 of Broke's fellow Alcoholic Anonymous conquered booze, as Broke did after a two-decade bout with the bottle. The new book's title: *Coming Through the Rye*.

Harsh words were bandied in Whittier, Calif. (pop. 29,265) over whether to name one of the city's main thoroughfares after a local boy who made good: Vice President **Richard Milhous Nixon**. The Whittier Democratic Club was dead set against any street named for a Nixon both alive and "controversial." East Whittier's Women's Improvement Association (predominantly Republican) plumped solidly for calling it Sixth Street.

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THE PRESS

McCarthy Poll

Has Joe McCarthy's popularity increased or decreased as a result of his televised battle with the Army? Last week the Providence *Journal-Bulletin* reported the results of a poll in which readers were asked to express their feelings about McCarthy before and since the hearings. The paper asked readers to clip a questionnaire, which more than 7,000 (40% men, 51% women) mailed in. Results:

	Before the Hearings	Now
Approval	36.3%	39.7%
Disapproval	40.3%	60%
Indifferent	23.4%	3%

The Man in the Middle

Hearst Columnist George Sokolsky, 60, in the words of one of his friends, "can be called the high priest of militant U.S. anti-Communism." Last week the high priest became a key figure in the McCarthy v. the Army battle. The Army's Counselor John Adams testified that Columnist Sokolsky acted as a go-between who tried to make peace between McCarthy and the Army, and the terms were pretty much McCarthy's terms. Sokolsky, said Adams, proposed to him that if the Army gave Private G. David Schine some of the special treatment McCarthy and Roy Cohn wanted, then Sokolsky in return could assure Adams McCarthy would ease up his investigation of the Army.

Father Confessor. There is little doubt that Sokolsky, whose column is carried by an estimated 300 papers, has great influence with some members of the McCarthy committee and its staff. Sokolsky and McCarthy are old friends, dating back to around 1950 when McCarthy was a novice in the field of anti-Communism and sought advice from such "specialists" as

Sokolsky. It was Sokolsky, his friends say, who brought Cohn and Schine to the attention of McCarthy and got them their jobs with the subcommittee. Ever since, Cohn has acknowledged his deep respect for Sokolsky, considers him a father-confessor available for consultation and advice. From Washington Cohn often phones Sokolsky in New York, and one newsman who admires both Sokolsky and McCarthy says, "Roy and Dave never made a move without consulting Sok."

Columnist Sokolsky became involved with Communism a long time ago. Born in Utica, N.Y., the son of a rabbi, he graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism and was so attracted by the Russian Revolution that he went to Russia in 1917 to see it firsthand. In Petrograd he got a job editing the English-language *Russian Daily News*. But after the Bolsheviks seized control from the Kerensky government, he quickly became disillusioned with the revolution and fled to China. There he worked for English-language newspapers, later became a special correspondent, whose reports appeared in U.S. and British dailies (e.g., *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *London Daily Express*). At the same time he was also paid by the Chinese government to develop its information service. Back in the U.S., in 1935 he began a column of political punditry in the *New York Herald Tribune*, switched to the *Sun* and later to the *Hearst chain*. While writing his column, he also did a weekly radio broadcast for the National Association of Manufacturers. In addition he toured the U.S., writing and making speeches as an "industrial consultant." The Senate's La Follette Committee on Civil Liberties reported in 1938 that for his speaking engagements and other work he was paid nearly



COHN, SOKOLSKY & MCCARTHY
A novice called in the high priest.

International

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(*BUT THINK THEY CAN'T AFFORD*)

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\$40,000, through a publicity firm, by the N.A.M. and the Iron and Steel Institute.

For Right, Sokolsky's friends have a higher regard for his knowledge of philosophy, history and art than for his expertise in politics. "George," says one of them, "is a decent, sentimental fellow, but I've always told him he is the biggest imbecile politically that I ever knew. He just should not butt into politics."

In his column Sokolsky supports the far right wing of the Republican Party. He wanted either Taft or MacArthur to get the presidential nomination, and has been a frequent critic of the Eisenhower Administration. He is also one of McCarthy's stoutest journalistic defenders. But in his columns on McCarthy and the Army, Columnist Sokolsky has never reported on the part of the story he knows best: his own role in the battle.

End of the World

As founder and publisher of the monthly *World*, Roger S. Phillips, 31, was not out to make money (TIME, Nov. 9). His primary purpose was to make *World* an important magazine on international affairs. But *World's* circulation never topped 50,000 (v. a 125,000 break-even point), and losses continued to run at more than \$40,000 a month. Last week Publisher Phillips, scion of the wealthy Phillips Gas & Oil* family of Pennsylvania, sadly admitted defeat after he and his family had poured upwards of \$1,000,000 into the venture. Said Phillips: "The American public was not ready for a magazine devoted exclusively to international affairs. *World* was as untimely as Chrysler was with its Airlow car back in 1934."

Pegler v. Reynolds

The late Heywood Broun was fond of calling Hearst Columnist Westbrook Pegler "light-heavyweight champion of the upperdog." Even after Broun died, terrible-tempered Westbrook Pegler did not forgive him, or his close circle of newspaper friends. Last week the ancient feud erupted in the trial of a \$500,000 libel suit. Defendant: Columnist Pegler and Hearst corporations, which syndicate and publish his column, Plaintiff: Broun's old friend, onetime War Correspondent Quentin Reynolds, who five years ago invited Pegler's wrath by reviewing a biography of Broun for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Pegler took part of it to be an accusation that he was "responsible for Broun's death" because of his savage attacks on Broun. Soon after the review appeared, Pegler replied: "Like Broun, Reynolds was sloppy... his protuberant belly was filled with something else than guts... Reynolds was an absentee war correspondent... with the yellow streak glaring for the world to see." As an added insult, Pegler reported that Reynolds not only practiced nudism but also had the bad taste to propose marriage to Broun's wife on the way to Broun's grave.

Last week, on the stand in the trial in a Manhattan Federal District Court. Reyn-



Ann Rosener—Plaintiff Reynolds

PLAINTIFF REYNOLDS Who's a nudist?

olds charged that Peg's description of him was a "malicious lie" and recounted his frontline war record. A deposition was introduced from Press Lord Beaverbrook praising Reynolds' "splendid pieces of reporting," while Eisenhower's wartime naval aide, Captain Harry Butcher, pointed out that Reynolds' reputation as a correspondent won him "the confidence of Ike." Pegler's charge that Reynolds went "nudging along the public road [with] a wench... absolutely raw," was fantastic, said Reynolds' lawyer, "since Mr. Reynolds has an allergy to sunshine which makes his skin break out..."

In the courtroom Broun's biographer, Dale Kramer, offered his hand to Pegler, was rebuffed when Pegler thundered: "I don't want to shake hands with you. You're a bastard." "You're the same," answered Kramer. Pegler hastily summoned a court attendant, pointed at Kramer and said: "This man was threatening me." Then the two were haled into the judge's chamber and ordered not to speak to one another again in the courthouse.

Same Side

Among the 1,000 newsmen covering the Geneva Conference last week was London and Manhattan Communist *Daily Worker* Correspondent Wilfred Burchett. Australian-born Correspondent Burchett was last seen by Western newsmen in Korea, where he worked as a Red propagandist, helped get "confessions" from prisoners and covered the war and truce negotiations from the Communist side (TIME, Aug. 6, 1951). In Geneva he left little doubt he was still on the same side. Wrote Burchett this week: "[The Communist] plan... for ending the war in Indo-China burst like a bombshell on the American and French delegation. It dissipated the pessimism among correspondents of all nations... and its rejection would be incredibly difficult..."

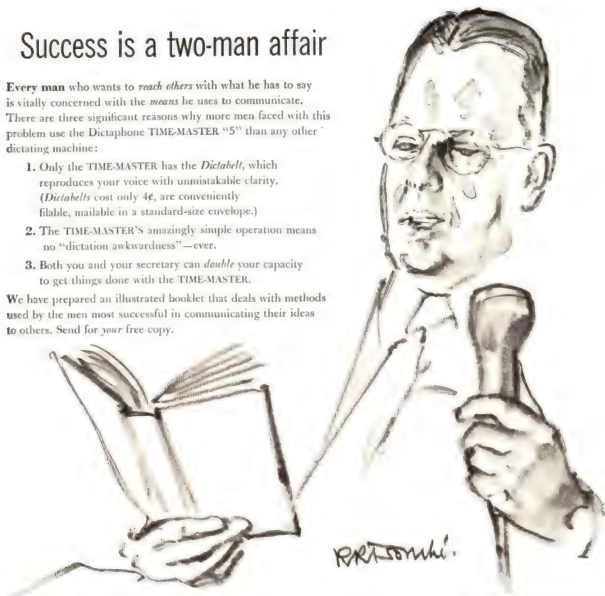
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MUSIC

Summer Music (Europe)

The grand tour has been fashionable for more than two centuries, but the trails have changed with the years. The gourmet trail has been blazed from snails (Paris) to schnitzel (Vienna) to cheese (Gruyère). Health was pursued at the healing waters of Spa, Belgium, and Baden-Baden, Germany. Art was tracked from Amsterdam to Florence to Athens. A temperance tour arranged by young Thomas Cook (from Leicester to Loughborough) in 1841 was followed by many a wine-tasting round (the Loire and the Palatinate). But until recently, music was the main attraction only at such famed centers as Bayreuth and Salzburg. Today the music trail is one of the most popular in Europe. This summer well over 50 towns will take part in the biggest music festival season to date.

The season was off to a running start this month when Florence opened its 17th Maggio Musicale. Like most of the bigger festivals, it combined showy elegance with serious endeavor. Gaudiest attractions were operas with attractive melodies shaded by silly plots: Spontini's rarely performed *Agnes von Hohenstaufen*, Weber's *Euryanthe* and Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*. *Euryanthe* was presented in its uncut version and the audience learned to appreciate the program note from a Weber contemporary: "This man writes for eternity and so his operas never end." Other festival events were concerts under Wilhelm Furtwängler, Guido Cantelli and Bruno Walter.

Among other music festivals in Europe this summer:

One of the newest is Rouen's "Great Hours" (May 30-June 11), centering on a famous short-time resident, Joan of Arc, and featuring Honegger's opera-oratorio, *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher* (TIME, Jan. 12, 1948). Oldest festival of all is England's Three Choirs Festival, this year of Worcester (Sept. 5-10); it began about 1715 and has been going (with time out for wars) ever since. Using some 300 singers from Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford, the program is designed to satisfy British love of massed voices, but also includes visiting big-name instrumentalists.

Visitors at the biggest festivals will hear much of the same excellent music from the standard concert repertory that they heard during the winter at home. In Prades (June 7-20), the Casals Festival will offer Beethoven chamber music (top visiting artist: Rudolf Serkin). At Amsterdam, The Hague and Scheveningen (June 15-July 15), visiting conductors will lead the Concertgebouw, The Hague Residentie and BBC symphonies. At Bayreuth (July 22-Aug. 27), Wagner's two grandsons will mount seven of the master's music dramas. Salzburg (July 25-Aug. 30), as usual, will specialize in Mozart, but will also include the world premiere of *Penelope*, a new opera by a contemporary Swiss composer, Rolf Liebermann. At Edinburgh (Aug. 22-Sept. 11), six orchestras from five countries will lead the festivities, which include opera, ballet, theater, films and art displays.

There will also be scattered festivals of more specialized interest:

Haifa (May 30-June 10): 28th festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music. Four orchestra and two chamber-music concerts of compositions by contemporary composers from around the world, beginning with the world premiere of *Odyssey of a Race*, written for Israel by Brazil's Heitor Villa-Lobos.

Bergen (June 1-15): the home town of Composer Edvard Grieg stages its second celebration. Emphasis on Grieg and other Scandinavian composers by a cast that includes such celebrities as Conductor Eugene Ormandy, Pianist Clifford Curzon.

Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia (June 19-Sept. 30): a young (five-year-old) bidder for the tourist trade, featuring Yugoslav music in a Riviera-style setting. Among the guest artists: American Negro Soprano Lenora Lafayette and a Smith College choir, plus ballet and folk-music groups.

Bregenz, Austria (July 24-Aug. 15): large-scale concerts, ballet, drama and a gala performance of *Die Fledermaus* on a stage floating in Lake Constance.

Ansbach, Germany (July 25-Aug. 11): a solid week of Bach, including cantatas and rarely heard motets, the *B Minor Mass*, the six *Brandenburg Concertos*.

Perugia, Italy (Sept. 19-29): sacred music of all ages, climaxing in a mystery spectacle, *Laudes Evangelii*, with music by Valentino Bucchi and choreography by Leonide Massine.

Midnights in Manhattan

One day last spring a young (28) Manhattan musician named Fernando Valenti found himself stuck in a customs office in Peru. That big instrument he had with him, said the officials, was undeniably a piano, and therefore subject to import duty. It was not a piano, insisted Valenti: it was a harpsichord. Then and there, the oldtime mechanism of strings and quills was uncrated, and Valenti sat down to play while some 150 people listened. After an hour of music, officialdom was satisfied, and Valenti proceeded on his concert tour. "I have never refused to do anything unusual," he says, "so long as it is within the bounds of respectability."

Last week he was nestled in the respectable but unusual surroundings of Manhattan's Little Club, a dim East Side spot with some Broadway overtones, for a series of Sunday-midnight concerts. Looking a little like a pudgy, scholarly Satan, Harpsichordist Valenti threaded his way among the tables, mounted the platform and affectionately patted the maple-colored instrument. Then he launched into pieces by such 18th century composers as Rameau, Domenico, Scarlatti and Bach. The music was brief, gracefully decorated with trills and curlicues, and its precise pinpoint of sound and muffled thunder filled the small room better than they do a larger concert hall. Customers found the music relaxing and, after the strangeness of the first few notes had worn off, a good blend with bourbon or Scotch.

As a direct musical descendant of modern harpsichord greats (he is a pupil of



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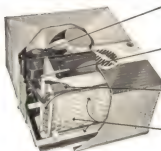
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Ralph Kirkpatrick, who is a pupil of Wanda Landowska). Fernando Valenti thinks harpsichordists must play for wider and wider audiences if interest in the instrument is not to die out. He is building a reputation as one of the most imaginative harpsichordists in the U.S., giving some 20 solo recitals a year and lecturing about the music he plays. Valenti has begun a musical marathon: recording all 555 of Scarlatti's gemlike *Sonatas* (for Westminster). In the past three years he has completed 72, but half seriously wonders whether he will ever be able to finish the lot.

Ballet Cold War

Lines formed before the Paris Opera box office, and black marketeers sharked tickets at ten times their original prices. Parisians, recalling the magic of the name "Ballets Russes" from the Diaghilev days, were excitedly preparing to look at the first performance in Western Europe by a sizable (50 members) Soviet ballet troupe. But the day before the opening, news came that Dienbienphu had fallen to Moscow's Communist allies in Indo-China. While defeated on the military front and retreating on Geneva's diplomatic front, the French stiffened on the ballet front.

Government officers heard that a group of Foreign Legionnaires had taken a block of seats in order to break up the Soviet ballet's opening, and prudently decided to postpone the event. This gave them time to consider their dilemma: on the one hand, to cancel the spectacle would be diplomatically discourteous; on the other, it would be better to be inhospitable than to offer armed hospitality, with police inside the theater.

Meanwhile, the Russian company stopped its closely guarded rehearsals and the dancers happily scattered to do some sightseeing. They made careful notes on historical details, placed flowers on the tombs of Victor Hugo and Chopin, visited a cellar nightclub (and were so startled by the boisterous interest their appearance created that they rushed back to their hotel). Olfstage, 44-year-old Ballerina Galina Ulanova was almost as much of a sensation as Paris expected her to be behind the footlights.

Then Premier Laniel made up his mind, announced that the Russian ballet would be postponed indefinitely. The press, and not alone the left-wing papers, jumped on Laniel's decision ("Your gesture is not French"). It was the first victory France had won against Communism in a long time—and few Frenchmen were proud of it. At week's end the troupe trooped to the airport, leaving behind it an accusing statement by the Russian dancers' Director Tchoulaki. "Faced with this unfavorable attitude on the part of the French government," it read, "the Russian government has decided to recall the Soviet artists . . ." On the way home, the troupe would stop off for performances in East Germany. Philosophized a Soviet embassy official in Paris: "Eventually, everyone goes back to Moscow."

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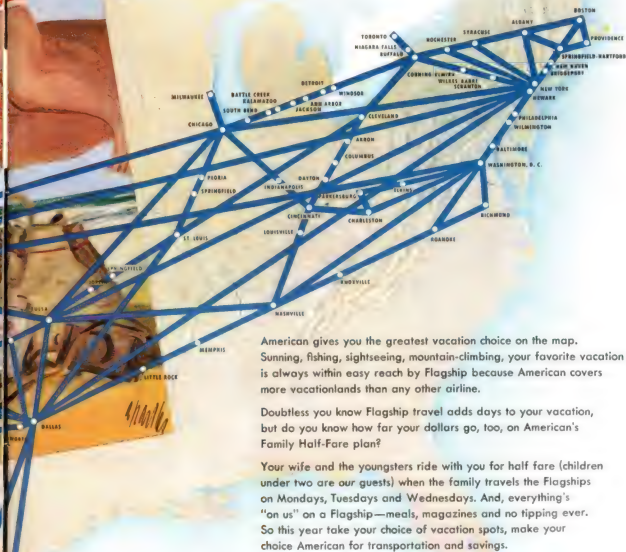
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MEDICINE

TB Score

Cora Louise Sutherland had always been a thin, wiry type, but in 1951 she developed a hacking cough and lost weight steadily. Each day she taught shorthand to three classes totaling more than 70 pupils at Los Angeles' Van Nuys High School. Students and fellow teachers whispered, but nobody knew what ailed her. For Cora Sutherland was a Christian Scientist. Instead of submitting a chest X ray every three years (as do all but about 100 of Los Angeles' 13,000 teachers), she turned in an affidavit declaring herself free of communicable disease.

Last fall Cora Sutherland became too sick to teach and took a leave of absence. Her Christian Science practitioner certified that she was suffering from a "lung



TEACHER SUTHERLAND
Nobody knew what ailed her.

congestion aggravated by activity." And when her salary stopped, he cut his fees for treatment (prayer and readings from the works of Mary Baker Eddy) from \$62 to \$25 a month. Last March Teacher Sutherland's brother finally insisted that she go to a hospital. The day after she was admitted, Cora Sutherland, 55, died of tuberculosis. The coroner's report showed that she had probably had TB in active form for fully two years.

Alarmed, the city's health department went out looking for 72 recent Van Nuys graduates who had been exposed to Cora Sutherland's tuberculosis, urged all to appear for chest X rays. Last week the health department asked the board of education to require all teachers to submit to complete medical examinations. Said the resolution: the teachers now sidestepping the examinations "may be exposing the school population of 463,719 to tuberculosis, a leading killer."

Bad Blood

With unwanted hoopla, the New York State Medical Society announced last week a new gimmick in blood banking. Under its "blood assurance program," the head of a family can sign up at one of the member blood banks and, in return for one pint of blood each year, get a certificate entitling him and each member of his family to a maximum of four pints of transfusion blood. A single individual is assured of all the blood he may need. A family in which nobody is qualified to give blood can get in on the plan if a friend or relative deposits the premium pint. No cash is involved.

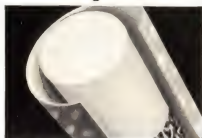
On its face the plan looked good, but it had many hidden shortcomings which emphasized that in New York and throughout the U.S., the whole system of blood banking is in bad shape. New York State's Blood Banks Association has about 100 members, but only 22 have joined its clearinghouse, an essential and appealing feature of the program. This means that a subscriber who is ill or injured away from home has only a 20% chance of landing in a hospital whose blood bank will honor his guarantee of four free pints. Outside the state, his chances are even less. The organizers hope to enlist more member banks in New York State and to work out exchange agreements with similar doctor-sponsored setups in such states as Florida, Texas and California.

No Monopoly. Wholesale blood donations and widespread blood banking got off to a flying start in World War II. The American Red Cross, as the U.S. Government's official collecting agency, did itself proud and drained off 13 million pints. During the cold war, the Red Cross had to do a balancing act: while it could not keep its monopoly in blood (and flatly denied that it wanted one), it sought compromise measures to insure a supply of freely given blood for the armed forces, for civil defense and for disasters. Trying to work with organized medicine, it agreed not to set up any local blood bank without the approval of the county medical society.

Meanwhile, many a plain citizen who wanted to give a patriotic pint for Korea, and also protect his family against being bled financially white for hospital blood, has felt that he was getting a raw deal. In many communities he would find that he had no blood credit, would have to pay up to \$35 a pint for the blood or replace it at the rate of two pints for one, and still pay a service charge which might run to \$25. (For safety's sake, better hospitals retype all blood and carefully match it with the patient's. For this, a reasonable charge would be \$7 to \$10 a pint.)

Free for All? The Red Cross insists that no charge ever be levied for blood which it has collected from volunteer donors, or for serum albumin and gamma globulin derived from such blood. But the A.M.A. and state medical societies claim

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that free blood—for any patients other than charity cases—is "socialism." In public statements some officials of county and state societies have shown that they are determined to wrest control of blood from "lay" groups.

Some blood banks are already making a profit (which may help to pay other hospital costs). The New York State plan is open to abuse because it is proposed to collect three times as much blood as subscribers will need, on the basis of past experience, and the surplus could be sold. Even the quality of blood is not standardized: licensed blood banks which meet the exacting federal standards may not accept blood in exchange from substandard banks.

Late this month, spokesmen for the Red Cross and the American Hospital Association will sit around a table in Washington with members of the A.M.A. and the Association of American Blood Banks, to see whether they can agree on a nationwide program. Before they do, they will have to get a lot of bad blood out of their systems.

Ounces of Prevention

Though some farsighted corporations have set up first-rate medical departments for their employees, U.S. industry as a whole has left the initiative, where workers' health is concerned, to the doctors. This week representatives of management and medicine got together, jointly announced formation of the Occupational Health Institute to further research and encourage expansion of industrial medical programs. Of the institute's trustees, half are drawn from management, while the rest are physicians, nurses and public-health experts.

Almost inevitably, their chairman is Dr. Robert Collier Page, 46, Medical director for the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey and new president of the Industrial Medical Association. Dr. Page is the nation's most articulate pleader for a sweeping program of preventive medicine at the plant. Instead of waiting for a worker to get sick and then treating him, he argues, management should protect its investment in his health by doing everything possible to keep him from ever getting sick.

Trucks Before Men, Dr. Page likes to quote Jonathan Edwards' dictum of 200 years ago: "Man is entirely, perfectly and unspeakably different from a mere machine." However, he says, "in all too many American corporations, management may be aware of this but, for some inexplicable reasons, devotes more concern to the machine than the man. It is not uncommon to find an executive who worries more about tire replacement on his fleet of trucks than the health of his employees."

The periodic health inventory of employees is an absolute essential, to Dr. Page's way of thinking. It begins before placement in a job and should go far beyond the usual perfunctory pre-employment checkup. It should be followed at regular intervals by a comprehensive survey of the worker's sociological position, emotional factors, his reaction to stress and strain, the character of his home life

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We'd like you to stop in and see Jack Daniel's being made, too, next time you're in Tennessee. You'll come upon our distillery tucked away in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains—just outside the little town of Lynchburg, a mile off the old turnpike to Chattanooga. And you are always welcome.



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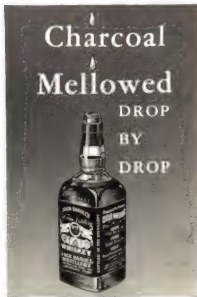
This rare whiskey is Jack Daniel's, Tennessee's only whiskey. It's made in the oldest registered distillery in the United States. For seven generations our family has used the exact same method to make Jack Daniel's. Once you taste our whiskey you'll have special reason to be glad we've never changed the way it's made. For nothing can match charcoal-mellowing for smoothing a whiskey's flavor.

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Putting the heat on a late arrival

Hurry-up call to a steamship company speeds production for a baker in the Caribbean

A phone rang in Alcoa's freight department. "We've got a carload of machinery going to a bakery in your area," a worried voice explained. "It's been delayed in transit. Please try to get it on Friday's ship so they can get back to full production."

Alcoa's man promised. Constant phoning expedited the machinery to the local rail yard by Friday morning. "Ouch!" the railroad said. "It's mighty late to lighter it to the pier by sailing time."

"Please do your best," our man asked, and the railroad fellow said he'd co-operate. Another follow-up at noon. "Machinery is on the lighter," was the good news. Game

2:30 P.M. and a worried Alcoa freight man had the tug captain located by radiophone. "I'm right off the pier now!" he exploded.

By 5:00 P.M., sailing time, both ship and machinery were on their way. Special attention on Alcoa's part? No. Just the careful follow-up you expect—and get—when you ship to the Caribbean via Alcoa.

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Did you know that the Caribbean area—famous for cruises—is also a market of over a billion dollars a year for U. S. goods. And growing fast! You can check on the potential it offers for your type of products by writing on your letterhead for our "Export Market Opportunities" book.

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EVER wonder why one young man will climb the ladder of success with seeming ease while another, equally gifted, never gets past the bottom rung? One reason, certainly, is the choice of a career. And for the high school graduate eager to climb fast, few careers can match Chemistry or Engineering. In fact, 50% of the men at the head of industry today had engineering training.

Never before has the need for trained chemists and engineers been so great. That's why starting pay to chemists with B. S. degrees, even without experience, ranges from \$3.10 to \$4.25.

Building a career in these fields, however, is not easy. You begin in high school by taking basic mathematics and science courses. "Pipe" courses have no place in the curriculum of a budding engineer or chemist.

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SCIENCE

Slow Time

One of the bizarre predictions of Einstein's General Relativity is that time runs more slowly in a strong gravitational field. The effect is slight and hard to detect but Astronomer Daniel Popper of U.C.L.A. believes that he has caught time in the act of running slow.

A result of the slowing of time: light that originates in a slow-time region appears, when observed on the earth, to have slightly longer waves than local light. Motion away from the earth has the same effect, so the speed of the body from which the light is coming must be known accurately.

Dr. Popper studied the faint "white dwarf" star, 40 Eridani B, which is 40% as heavy as the sun but only about as big as Mars. Its high concentration of mass forms a powerful gravitational field at the star's surface, where its light comes from. Besides, 40 Eridani B is a member of a double-star system, which allows its speed to be measured accurately.

After analyzing 37 spectrograms of his star's light, Dr. Popper found that its wave lengths are, as he had hoped, slightly longer than is normal. This meant that white-dwarf time really does run slow, just as Einstein predicted. The difference is not much. A man living on 40 Eridani B would fall behind by about six earthly seconds a day.

With Nudity, Culture

One school of anthropologists argues that the highest forms of civilization must develop in temperate climates. If a country is too cold, they say, its people have to struggle too hard just to stay alive. If it is too hot, they relax into slow-moving lassitude. Chief exponent of this theory was Yale's Professor Ellsworth Huntington, who lived in New Haven, Conn. He decided that the climate of Connecticut is ideal for culture.

Huntingtonism was seldom well received by anthropologists or by real-estate promoters of hot countries. In the *Florida Anthropologist*, Anthropology Professor Frederick R. Wulsin of Tufts (in cool Massachusetts) comes to the defense of the tropical and semi-tropical climates. It's not either the heat or the humidity, Dr. Wulsin says: it is over-dressing that robs tropical residents of their energy.

Dr. Wulsin explains with much mathematics how the human body keeps itself at the proper temperature. Heat escapes by radiation, by convection and conduction to the air and through the cooling effect of evaporation. When it does not escape fast enough, the temperature of the internal organs rises. The heart pumps harder to carry more blood to the surface. Sometimes so much blood is needed for carrying heat that not enough remains to make the body work properly.

Defensive Lassitude. In warm weather or during exercise, the evaporation of sweat does most of the final cooling, but



"Planning a route for moving this big generator housing to Chicago was quite a job, Tom. It weighs 462,000 pounds and stands 15 feet high—what we call an oversize shipment."



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WARNING TO THE BRIDE!

That man of yours is far more likely to have an accident in the home you share with him than on his job.

Last year, for instance, in one of our mill towns (Camas, Washington) 6 times as many employees were injured "off the job" as in the mill!

The story is not necessarily unique. Throughout industry, hazards have been reduced to such a point that most jobs are actually safer than workers' homes.

But homes can be made just as safe; for the skills which have made jobs safe are available to your community: Safety Engineers of local industries . . . Safety Committees of the labor unions . . . First Aid Teams . . . Civilian Defense organizations. All are ready to help—if you will just ask them.

A worker who's safe, at home and at work, is a better man for his company, his community, and, certainly, his family.

It's worth some thought to any bride!

CROWN ZELLERBACH

PAPER AND PAPER PRODUCTS SINCE 1870



San Francisco 19

the body cannot produce an unlimited amount of sweat, and if it is forced to do so, there are various ill effects. So the natural reaction of the overheated human is to sit still until his temperature falls. In the long run, this defensive lassitude lowers the cultural level.

Dr. Wulsin describes experiments, some of them for the Army, on how clothes hamper the body in keeping itself cool. They act as insulators, checking heat loss by radiation. More important, they create near the skin a layer of hot, moisture-saturated air. Sweat cannot evaporate until it has soaked through the clothing, and then its cooling effect is largely wasted. Dr. Wulsin ridicules the idea that Europeans in tropical climates should wear helmets and heavy clothing to keep from being felled by the tropical sun. The less clothing they wear, he says, the better off they are.

Climate Next the Skin. Having proved the evils of clothing, Dr. Wulsin considers the alleged inferiority of hot-country civilizations. It is largely a myth, he says. He derides the contention of Professor Huntington that the ancient cultures of Egypt, Mesopotamia, the Mayans and Indonesia were developed under climates cooler than at present. There have been no significant changes of climate—except in the climate next to people's skins.

In the old days, people in the tropics wore little clothing, usually nothing above the waist. Now tropical people of European culture, clinging to European customs, go clothed as if they were dressing for a chilly British spring. The natural result is lassitude and a lowered cultural level. Dr. Wulsin implies that if modern tropical people, such as his Florida hosts, could learn to go bare as the Balinese, they might support as lively a culture as Professor Huntington's Connecticut.

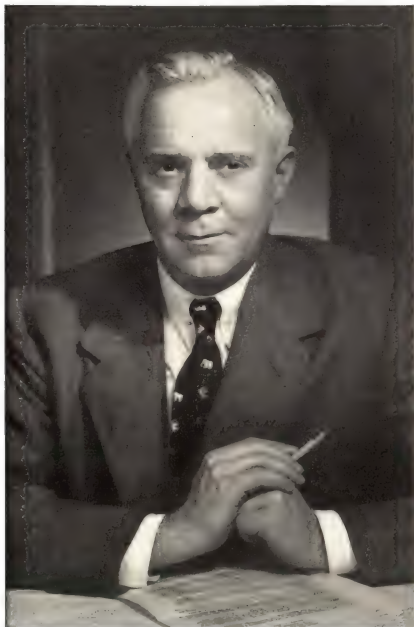
Salt Farming

Irrigation water is generally considered dubious if it contains more than 1,400 parts of salt per million. Plant Physiologist Gordon T. Nightingale of Hawaii regretted this limit, because the Hawaiian Islands have a lot of arid land underlain by abundant water that is considerably more brackish. So he undertook to find out whether the salt limit could be exceeded under Hawaiian conditions.

Dr. Nightingale started planting vegetables on arid land and irrigating them from shallow wells whose water carried 1,620 parts of salt per million. To his surprise, a long list of test crops—cucumbers, carrots, lima beans, broccoli, corn, cabbage, etc.—seemed to grow better than with purer water. On another test plot, he irrigated alfalfa and forage grasses with water containing 4,100 parts per million of salt. The crops grew vigorously.

Dr. Nightingale does not use normal irrigation methods. He flushes dried salt out of the soil, and he plants his crops on the sides of furrows so that their roots will avoid concentrations of salt. He expects that his salt irrigation system will add considerably to the food production of Hawaii's islands.

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*A message of encouragement to all
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by **EDWARD R. VALENTINE**

*Chairman of the Board,
J. W. Robinson's famous
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"I HAVE a suggestion to make to the young man interested in financial security. Let him take a pencil and add up the total amount of money he can reasonably expect to earn from now until he is sixty-five.

"He will be surprised at how large a sum it is. Even with all predictable living expenses taken out, it can be a sizable estate.

"When a young man thinks of this great potential earning value as a property to be protected against loss, just as he insures his house and car, he is on the way toward financial security for himself and his dependents.

"Happily, he need not trust to a long life and good fortune to make his estate an actuality. For here is where life insurance serves the impatient young man. By the stroke of a pen, and with the help of an experienced life insurance agent, he immediately creates an estate that might otherwise be years in the making."

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

THE THEATER

Finish Line

The previous Broadway season had worn such a last-place look that 1953-54 seemed by contrast almost a pennant winner. But on its own merits, it just squeezed into first division: its special contribution, indeed, was its notable number of pretty good evenings. There was nowhere a distinguished new drama or a brilliant new comedy; no new playwright flashed down like a comet to assume the look of a fixed star. Glaringly few established playwrights were represented, and none with distinction. Nor was there a truly good revival—or even much revived.

But 1953-54, no season of peaks, at least came off as an agreeable plateau. And beyond a nice steady flow of the respectable, the more-than-conventional, the slightly-better-than-average, there was a constant sense of small jets and gushes and freshets, and of a main flow fed by tributary streams. Perhaps more than anything else, 1953-54 was the season when off-Broadway began breathing, however faintly, down Broadway's neck. On lower Second Avenue, without having arisen out of anybody else's ashes, there emerged the Phoenix Theater. Whatever its shortcomings, it gave Manhattan its first really promising repertory—neither Old Guard nor avant-garde—in years. In *The Golden Apple*, it offered the season's one really individual musical. And the Phoenix's *Golden Apple*, like the Theatre de Lys' *End As a Man*, like the Circle in the Square's *Girl on the Via Flaminia*, went uptown in time to Broadway. Other off-Broadway successes: Marc Blitzstein's English version of Kurt Weill's *Three-penny Opera*, Leslie Stevens' *Bullfight*, and after a late opening the season before—*The World of Sholem Aleichem*.

Broadway, all this time, was also happily in business. In Herman Wouk's *Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, it turned out first-rate theater. In John Patrick's *Teahouse of the August Moon* (which won the Pulitzer Prize and the Critics Award), it offered the pleasantest sort of popular entertainment. In Edward Chodorov's *Oh, Men! Oh, Women!* it told an amusing yarn of a psychoanalyst. In Robert Anderson's *Tea and Sympathy*, by mingling homosexuality with a radiant Deborah Kerr, it produced ideal matinee drama.

Actress Kerr added to the season's fine stockpile of feminine oomph. Heading the list was Audrey Hepburn, who, as the mermaid of Jean Giraudoux's rather water-logged *Ondine*, proved a sprite that never was on sea or land. Equally near (though never under) the water, Shirley Booth was the principal lure of *By the Beautiful Sea*, while France's Jeanmaire brought something boyish, girlish and impish to the lumpish *Girl in Pink Tights*.

Of well-known playwrights, the only one to score big was George S. Kaufman with *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, and he only in collaboration with Howard Teichmann,

and with help from a lady—Josephine Hull. But among the many promising first-timers on Broadway, there were not only *Tea and Sympathy's* Anderson, *Via Flaminia's* Alfred Hayes and *End As a Man's* Calder Willingham, but Louis Peterson with *Take a Giant Step*, Jane Bowles with *In the Summer House* and Julian Funt with *The Magic and the Loss*.

The season saw the death, in Eugene O'Neill, of America's most famous playwright and in Lee Shubert, of Broadway's most powerful operator. And for the first time since 1943, Broadway offered nothing by Rodgers & Hammerstein.



CAROL HANEY & EDDIE FOY JR.
So high the jinks.

New Musical in Manhattan

The Pajama Game (music & lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross; book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell) wound up the season with as exuberant high spirits as New Year's Eve winds up the year. So high are the show's jinks, in fact, that they almost render unimportant the primitiveness of its jesting; and so engaging are a number of its people that it doesn't too much matter what they do. As staged by George Abbott and Jerome Robbins, *The Pajama Game* is a smash-hit mixture of racehorse and explosive; not in a long time has any musical so merely competent seemed at the same time so gay.

Treating of life in a Midwest pajama factory, the show makes a sit-down strike over wages seem the next thing to a strawberry festival, while the head of the business and the head of the union are not so

much contrasted bosses as brother oafs. Since in musicomedy the course of true love never can run smooth, in this one, Management (John Raitt) Meets Labor (Janis Paige). Management Fires Labor, then, with a little more dexterous management, rehires and weds her. En route there are small blobs and faint glimmers of satire, the usual doings at shop and picnic grounds, and some wackily unusual ones in a chop-suey joint.

It is all so George Abbott that even the workers' slowdown gives the effect of a speedup; it is all so well managed that even the fumbles seem something new in footwork. There are the kind of peppy dance numbers that suggest a cheerleaders' carnival, and there is a great deal of music with an infectious, elementary lilt. A long-legged, gamelike newcomer named Carol Haney dances like a dervish and is generally fun; Eddie Foy Jr. softshoes nostalgically and is generally helpful. John Raitt and Janis Paige make an attractive, a melodious, even a positively believable pair of lovers.

George Abbott, co-author and co-director of *Pajama Game*, is the theater's Wizard of Odds: chances are that any show he brings to Broadway will be a hit. He started out as an odds-on favorite when he directed one of his first shows, *Broadway*, in 1926. Through the years he added such winners as *Three Men on a Horse*, *Boy Meets Girl*, *Brother Rat*, *Room Service*, *Pal Joey*, *Where's Charley*, *Call Me Madam*, *Wonderful Town*, *Me and Juliet*.

Along with these successes, the legend of "the Abbott touch" could hardly fail to grow, but the showman modestly claims there is no such thing. "I just have a good time in the theater," he says. "I'm not out to make money; I'm out to enjoy myself. . . I'm easily bored, so I try not to bore audiences. I have been accused of speed in my shows, but pace is not a matter of speed. It has to do with cutting material and with variety." The most important intangible in a good production, he says, is a sense of conviction. "I told the cast on opening night: 'You've got to believe what you do and have a good time. If you do, the audience will too.'"

Abbott learned his trade as a youngster just out of Professor George Pierce Baker's famed playwrighting courses at Harvard. He worked for Producer John Golden, soon became a menace to established playwrights, whose scripts he doctored on Golden's orders. Later, he earned a reputation as a man who had his own golden touch with scripts. He picked up *Brother Rat*, which had been rejected by 31 producers, polished it up, grossed more than a million dollars. He worked the same miracle on *Room Service*, which had closed out of town. When Abbott was done with the play, it ran two years and was sold to Hollywood for \$255,000.

Now a lively 66, Abbott is an inveterate tennis player and a tireless rumba dancer. He likes some movies and television, and although he has worked a little at both,

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ART SELBY

THE BROADWAY SEASON



ONDINE

A sparkling water sprite who becomes a mortal for love of Knight Errant Mel Ferrer.

Audrey Hepburn says a forlorn farewell in last scene before returning to her watery kingdom.



CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL

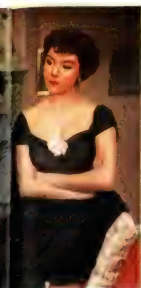
Henry Fonda (right), as Defense Lawyer Greenwald, hammers away at Witness Lloyd Nolan, as Commander Queeg. John Hodiak (left) is accused. Lieut. Marya



OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!

Gig Young (left) denounces women before bemused Psychiatrist Franchot Tone and his zany fiancée, Betsy von Furstenberg.

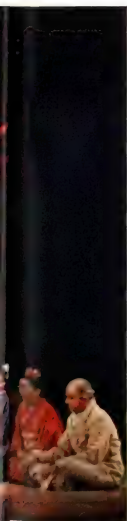




THE GIRL IN PINK TIGHTS

Show-stopper from Paris is Renée Jeanmaire, in first appearance as Broadway star. She breezes

through song-and-dance comedy about down-and-out ballet troupe in Manhattan, circa 1870.



TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON

Mariko Niki performs classic geisha dance in comedy about U.S. occupation troops on Okinawa, starring David Wayne (*kneeling, right*) and John Forsythe (*seated*).

**BY THE
BEAUTIFUL SEA**

Love-struck landlady at Coney Island, bawling Shirley Booth heads for trip to tunnel of love with William Evans.



**SOLID GOLD
CADILLAC**

Company directors surround befuddled Stockholder Josephine Hull in satiric comedy about ways of big business.



he plans to stick to Broadway. First production for next season: a revival of the 18-year-old Rodgers-Hart-Abbott revue, *On Your Toes*. Says Abbott genially: "They used to say I was a producer of kiddie shows. Before that they said I was a producer of gangster shows. Now they say I'm a musical-comedy man. I don't care what they call me as long as they come to the theater."

Old Play in Manhattan

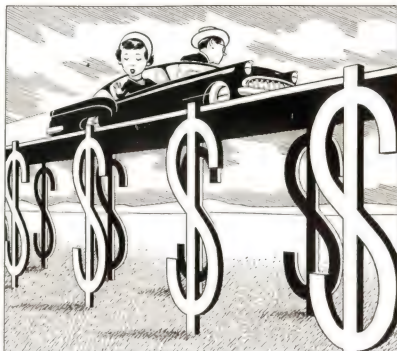
The Sea Gull (by Anton Chekhov) is a landmark in the modern theater; in this first of his major plays, Chekhov began to master his highly individual method and spoke in his endlessly imitated, ever inimitable tones. Even in the Phoenix Theater's disappointing revival, *The Sea Gull* could still be seen as a theatrical turning point—though, after 50-odd years, what it turned away from was as palpable as what it turned toward.

For *The Sea Gull* is not yet fully Chekhovian, not of the quality of *Uncle Vanya*, *The Three Sisters*, *The Cherry Orchard*. Already—and quite wonderfully in places—it has Chekhov's fragrance, incisiveness, poignancy; It has dialogue that, if seemingly scrappy and elliptical, constitutes a marvelous sort of notation. Already, Chekhov can convey the apartness and aloneness of people; already, too, he can be about equally compassionate and merciless, not so much acquitting his characters as pardoning them.

But the play also dragged a good deal out of 19th-century fiction after it. Neurotic young Kostya Tripley wears the musty mantle of European *Weltschmerz* and Wertherism, and the sea gull, Nina, seems a period heroine who breaks romantically with conventional life, is "ruined" by an interesting older man and exhibits emotions not so much false as several sizes too large for her. Having imported romantic melancholy, Chekhov—being Chekhov—could only in some degree mock its posturings; *The Sea Gull* remains an uneasy mixture of satire and sentiment rather than a true fusion of the comic and tragic.

What is far more successful and Chekhovian is the expressive group picture—strewn with egotists, eccentrics and bores—which surrounds the youthful tragedy. The play, with its writers and actors has to do with temperament and ego and vanity, and again with irresponsibility and self-indulgence, disappointment and regret—with the minor-key emotions of which Chekhov was already a master. For Chekhov did find himself in *The Sea Gull*, while still owing much to others; he is actually inferior in it to the precise degree that he is indebted.

The Phoenix production was weakest toward the end, where the play itself is; and in the most crucial scenes, it pulled Chekhov down rather than kept him aloft. This was sometimes a matter of interpretation, but oftener one of acting. Maureen Stapleton's Masha came closest to an entirely right performance, while Montgomery Clift's Kostya at the outset and Judith Evelyn's Madame Arkadina pretty much throughout, also scored.



Let's get down to earth— Stop Building High-Cost Roads

Main roads are wearing out faster than new ones are being built. This creeping obsolescence, with its attendant high accident rate, weakens national defense, raises highway costs and jeopardizes life and property.

Backward progress is being made because, after 15 years of depression and war, a too-quick attempt was made to expand a road system designed for 20,000,000 vehicles to accommodate 53,000,000 vehicles. This was done by temporarily resurfacing old roads and by building as much new mileage as possible of inadequate, low-first-cost roads.

As you might suspect, low-first-cost roads are gobbling up more and more of available highway funds for maintenance, so they have turned out to be high-annual-cost roads. As a result a diminishing amount of highway funds is left each year for much needed new mileage.

The way to reverse this trend is to build main roads with concrete pavement. It usually costs less to build than other pavements designed for the same traffic, costs less to maintain, lasts at least twice as long. Engineers now know how to build concrete roads to last 50 years and more. Concrete roads earn much more than their cost in the gas taxes paid by drivers using them. This leaves a surplus for building desperately needed new mileage. Forward progress results.

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Idol's Return

As a three-year-old, Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Native Dancer became something of a TV matinee idol. Racing for the triple crown, the great grey put on three breathtaking finishing sprints that would have done credit to "Snapper" Garrison, the jockey who became immortal for his come-from-behind finishes. The Dancer lost the Kentucky Derby by a head, won the Preakness by a neck, won the Belmont by an even shorter neck. Last week the Dancer, now a full-grown four-year-old, was back again, this time going after racing's triple handicap crown (the Metropolitan, Suburban and Brooklyn). In

Moving Middies

When Rusty Callow went to Annapolis four years ago, after 23 years as crew coach for Pennsylvania, he found the wide-open waters of the Severn River and twelve boatloads of brawny oarsmen. Coach Callow made the most of it. His freshman crew that first spring in 1951 had tough luck at the intercollegiate rowing regatta: they capsized at the starting line. Since then, that same crew, still almost intact, has shown its wake to the best crews, become the Olympic champions of 1952. On the Potomac last week, in the Eastern Sprint Regatta championship at the Olympic distance of 2,000 meters,



NATIVE DANCER (LEFT) BEATING STRAIGHT FACE IN THE METROPOLITAN
From a matinee idol, memories of Man o' War.

his first handicap race, carrying a top impost of 130 lbs., the Dancer proved once again his flair for the fast finish.

Millions of TV fans and some 40,000 racegoers at New York's Belmont Park (who backed the Dancer down to 1-4) gasped as the field rounded the turn at the head of the stretch. With only a quarter of a mile of the mile-long race to go, the Dancer was fifth, a full seven lengths behind front-running Straight Face. At that point Jockey Eric Guerin gave the Dancer four sharp raps with his whip.

The Dancer instantly moved into high. The rasps of the crowd turned into roars of encouragement as the big grey pounded down the homestretch. One by one, the Dancer passed tiring horses until only Straight Face remained. Then, some 30 yards from the finish, the Dancer caught Straight Face and flashed under the wire in 1:35½, just two-fifths of a second off the track record. The winning margin: a neck, as usual. The Metropolitan brought Native Dancer's score to 20 victories in 21 starts, Man o' War's record.

Navy aimed at a record unparalleled in rowing history: 25 straight victories.

Navy promptly made it No. 25 in a trial heat, setting a course record of 6:00.5, then went right on after No. 26 in the final, meeting the cream of the twelve competing colleges (Penn. Cornell, Yale, Harvard and Wisconsin). After the starter's cry of "Ready all . . . row!", Navy's lanky (6 ft. 2 in., 178 lbs.) Stroke Oar Ed Stevens quickly brought his crew up to the standard 40-strokes-a-minute racing start. Stroke Stevens, who likes to have the opposition trailing him so that he can keep an eye on them, held it at 40 until Navy had a half-length lead. Then he let his huskies settle back to a 33 beat, holding it there while Navy gradually pulled away. It was no contest. Navy won No. 26 handily, beating Yale by half a length. Penn by two, with Harvard, Wisconsin and Cornell trailing.

Coach Callow, 63, was elated but still claimed to be worrying about his alma mater, Washington, which last week whipped its top West Coast rival, Cali-

fornia, by six lengths. Navy, now the Eastern sprint champions for the third straight year, faces two more tough tests: the Western championship (without Washington) at the end of this month, the Intercollegiate Regatta (with Washington) in June.

Glory, of a Kind

After Roger Bannister ran the four-minute mile a fortnight ago, all the world paid homage to the plucky runner (see RADIO & TV). Track Enthusiast George Oliver, a laborer at an R.A.F. station at Uxbridge, England, was particularly proud of his countryman. Oliver, 41, and a plodding marathoner, knew he could never aim at Bannister's kind of glory, but his love of running did get him in the news last week.

Oliver had his heart set on competing in the 16-mile foot race from Chichester to Portsmouth. But he could not afford the round-trip fare (\$3.70) to Chichester. Undaunted, he rose at 4 a.m., donned his track suit and ran off toward Chichester—60 miles away. Some eight hours later Oliver doggedly trotted into Chichester: "I was quite fresh. But there was plenty of time before the start of the race, so I lay down on the park bench and tried to sleep. But I didn't get much time to sleep because people kept staring at me, lying there in my track suit."

At the starter's gun Oliver dashed off with the others. He finished on his feet, winning a third-prize medal in the handicap section. "I may not be fast," puffed Oliver, "but I can finish the course." Then he took the bus and train home to Uxbridge.

Sweet Swinging

Sixteen years ago, a young (26), up & coming golf pro named Sam Snead defeated Old Pro Gene Sarazen in the first Goodall Round Robin golf tournament. Snead, a prodigious hitter, beat the old pro in a tight play-off for the title. Last week, on Long Island's Meadowbrook course, Snead, now an old pro himself, made certain that no young upstarts got within hailing distance of him.

In the first round, playing against such topflighters as Byron Nelson, Lloyd Mangrum and Bob Toski, Snead fired a three-under-par 67 over the tightly trapped course and picked up 14 points.* Next day, playing two rounds against six more of the most formidable golfers in the U.S., Snead picked up 19 more points and led Runner-Up Jimmy Demaret by 33-24. In the fourth round Sam applied the crusher: a blazing 66 against 1953's Amateur Champion Gene Littler, Ted Kroll and Ed Oliver. The crusher gave Snead an insurmountable lead: 52 points to 18 for Runners-Up Cary Middlecoff, defending champion, and Jack Burke, On the final round, instead of relaxing, Snead shot a 65, lowest round of the tournament, and

* Under the complicated Round Robin scoring system, Snead's 67 picked up four points from Nelson's 71, four from Mangrum's 71, six from Toski's 73. Nelson and Mangrum netted minus two for the day, Toski minus ten.



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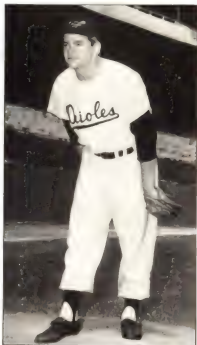
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won by the biggest margin in the 16-year history of the Round Robin, beating Runner-Up Toski by 36 points.

This week Sam went to have a long, hard look at New Jersey's Baltusrol course, scene of next month's Open Championship. The Open is the one major golf tournament the "Sweet Swinger" has never won.

As Fast as Feller?

Ever since Cleveland's Pitcher Bob Feller burst on the baseball scene 18 years ago as "the fastest man since Walter Johnson," baseball scouts have combed the bushes and sandlots looking for another speedballer. "Faster than Feller" became the standard label for any strong-armed bush-er with speed, and since "Rapid Robert's"



Francis D. Gearing

PITCHER TURLEY
All the equipment he needs.

heyday, countless youngsters have been called "another Feller." None has managed to live up to his press clippings. But last week baseball men were finally convinced that another Feller had arrived in the person of burly (6 ft. 2 in., 207 lbs.) Robert Lee Turley, a fireballing right-hander for the Baltimore Orioles.

"Bullet Bob" Turley threw two convincers last week. First, going a full ten innings against Cleveland, Turley pitched a 4-hitter (striking out five) and won his third game of the young season, 2-1. Later, against the Boston Red Sox, Turley left the Boston batters gaping as he reared back and struck out eleven of them in an eight-inning stint (he was lifted for a pinch hitter) and won his fourth game of the year.

"Lightning Bolts." The 23-year-old righthander has drawn raves all over the American League circuit. "He's the fastest

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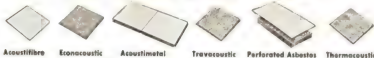
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thing I've seen since Bob Feller was at his best," said New York Yankee Manager Casey Stengel. "This fellow throws lightning bolts." Baltimore's Catcher Clint Courtney, gingerly waving a sore hand, says, "Turley's the fastest guy I ever caught."

The object of this acclaim takes his successes as calmly as his failures. Early in the season Turley pitched dramatic no-hit ball for eight and one-third innings against Cleveland, then lost the game 2-1 on a single and a home run by Larry Doby. Ordinarily, a pitcher would make crestfallen excuses. Not Turley. "I've always been amused," said he, "to read the statements pitchers make when something bad happens to them. 'The pitch got away from me,' they say. 'This one got away from me'—50 feet away. I threw Doby the precise pitch I wanted to feed him. In the same situation, I'd do it again."

"**Head & Heart.**" Turley learned his poise the hard way—in the minor leagues as a youngster of 16, with Belleville, Ill. in 1946. He moved up gradually, learning as he went—to Aberdeen, S.D. in 1949. Wichita in 1950. San Antonio in 1951. Toward the end of last season, after two years in the Army, he got a chance with the St. Louis Browns (now Baltimore's Orioles). Turley won only two and lost six with the hapless Browns, but his strike-out record was impressive: 61 in 60 innings.

Last week his strike-out record was still impressive: 53 in 51 innings, leading the American League. And though fireballers are notoriously wild, Turley has only given up 29 walks and has a minuscule earned-run average of 1.76. Part of the credit for Turley's new-found control goes to Baltimore's Pitching Coach Harry ("The Cat") Brecheen, Turley's roommate on road trips. Says Brecheen: "He has all the equipment he needs. He has size, strength, head and heart. All he requires is experience. He'll be a great one."

Scoreboard

❑ In Detroit, celebrating his return to the regular line-up after a broken collarbone, Boston Red Sox Outfielder Ted Williams smacked out eight hits in nine times at bat: five singles, a double and two home runs. Despite his efforts, Boston dropped both games of the doubleheader to the Tigers.

❑ At Fresno, Calif., Shotputter Pappy O'Brien who set a world record (60 ft. 5½ in.) a fortnight ago in his specialty, switched to the discus at the West Coast Relays and beat World Record Holder Fortune Gordien with a toss of 184 ft. 1½ in. Only two men have tossed the discus farther: Gordien and Olympic Record Holder Sim Iness.

❑ At Indianapolis, qualifying for the Memorial Day 500-miler, Jack McGrath set a new record for the four-lap (ten miles) sprint of 141.033 m.p.h. Old (1952) record: 139.034 m.p.h., set by the late Chet Miller.

❑ In Moscow, World Champion Chess Player Mikhail Botvinnik, 43, retained his title after a long (24 games) match with Challenger Vassily Smyslov, 33.

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ART

Part Four

American sculpture today can be roughly divided into three parts: 1) mottled green statuary dedicated to the conquest of public parks, 2) sexless nudes created to rule over marble fountains, and 3) welded-steel monsters resembling giant insects, which have lately invaded the art galleries. Last week Manhattan's Alan Gallery was staging a different kind of show: Sculptor William King's portrait busts and full figures, done in bronze, painted clay and wood. They had an air of happy improvisation and swift caricature. While the sculptor had made no effort to counterfeit human flesh, he spared no pains to capture the moods and posturings of his sitters. The show as a whole resembled a party of average yet somehow fascinating folk, frozen in deep sleep by a sorcerer.

Sculptor King, 29, looks more like a college student than a sorcerer. Raised in Florida ("a fine place until you're 15"), King found his career through a lucky series of frustrations. Bored with his engineering course at the University of Florida, unable to afford Columbia's School of Architecture, unable to get a union card to play jazz clarinet in Manhattan, he found himself at Cooper Union Art School in 1946, and three years later got a Fulbright fellowship to study sculpture in Italy.

King now lives on Manhattan's Bowery and likes it, though he confesses to finding "something sad" in the atmosphere. "The drunks around outside," he remarks, "worry night and day about all the things they have to worry about, and that's the hardest kind of work."

King's great strength is that he derives inspiration not from art but from human beings. The wit and sophistication of his sculpture springs not from esthetic theo-



KING'S "MISS BOWMAN"
Benny Goodman is the most.

ries but from his perceptions of the whole of life—the still serenity of a Negro trumpeter between numbers, the electric melancholy of an adolescent girl, the sense of union of an engaged couple, the wistfulness of Miss Bowman (see cut).

Among the men jazz fan King most admires is Clarinetist Benny Goodman. Benny's music, King explains, is "earthy, yet on a high level." That goes for King's cheerfully lifelike sculpture as well.

Agamemnon on Time

The Meta-Mold Aluminum Co. of Cedarburg, Wis. is a corporation with an artistic soul. Its board chairman, Otto Spaeth, 27, is not only a shrewd and successful businessman but also a noted art patron and collector. In 1952, when Meta-Mold decided to build a new administration building, Sculptor Alexander Calder was called in to help design the lobby for a mobile that Calder named the "Otto-mobile" after Board Chairman Spaeth. Last summer Meta-Mold tried another experiment. It put on a show called "Art for Everyone—a purchase exhibition," in which 20 rented paintings and sculptures were offered for sale on easy monthly payments, with the company paying the artist the full price at the time of the sale.

The experiment was a rousing success. By the time the show was over, 26 paintings and sculptures had been sold for a total of \$9,755. Among the buyers: a 34-year-old electrical worker who bought a dramatic canvas called *Death of Agamemnon*, by Kenneth Evett, for \$450 (\$85 down, \$20 monthly). Fearing that he would be kidded by his fellow workers for "spending so much on art when I could buy a car or something," he asked Meta-Mold to keep his identity secret, hold on to the painting until he could find a place to hang it.

Last week Art Buyer X's identity was still secret, but arrangements had been made for a suitable hanging for his acquisition. Mr. X had given *Death of Agamemnon* to Marquette University on an indefinite loan, with the stipulation that he will be allowed to come and see it whenever he wishes. At the unveiling ceremonies, university officials made speeches, a student read the death scene from Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*. In the audience, beaming anonymously, was Factory Worker X, who was about to pay the current \$20 installment on his picture.

QUIET MYSTERIES



VUILLARD

EDOUARD VUILLARD lived most of his 72 years in the 20th century, but he was essentially a 19th century man. He achieved artistic fame in Paris before he was 30, soon after 1900 slipped into the critical obscurity that engulfed the last 40 years of his life. Last week a big retrospective exhibition of Vuillard's work—130 paintings and 28 lithographs at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art—was helping to restore Vuillard to his place among the 19th century masters.

An intimate painter who put mysterious delights in his pictures of commonplace people and things, Vuillard adapted to painting the poetic creed of his friend Stéphane Mallarmé: "To name an object is to do away with the three quarters of the enjoyment . . . which is derived from the satisfaction of guessing little by little: to suggest it, to evoke it—that is what charms the imagination."

The imagination is consistently charmed by Vuillard's subtle, dreamy interiors, in which he weaves motifs as unobtrusively

compelling as those in an oriental brocade. *Missia and Thadée Natanson* (opposite), painted about 1897 when Vuillard was at the height of his sensational youthful success, is full of golden, slightly melancholic elegance. Missia Natanson sits in absolute relaxation and dignity, while her husband Thadée, an editor-friend of Vuillard's, leans contemplatively on a piano that is suggested rather than pictured. The busy, intricate patterns of the wallpaper and piano cover accentuate the peaceful attitudes of the man and woman.

After the turn of the century, Vuillard's quiet, intimate style went out of fashion. About the same time he turned to commissioned portraits and large landscapes, which never reached the level of his interior scenes. In the early days, even the views from his Paris studio were inside pictures; the artist sits within the security of his room, looking out on the rooftops. A symbolist who worshiped at the literary and artistic shrines of Mallarmé and Gauguin, Vuillard brought impressionism into the parlor. Like Manet, Monet and Degas, he covered his canvases with veils of light and shadow. But Vuillard's subjects were domestic—his mother, his friends and the quiet, bourgeois, wallpapered rooms in which they lived. To those everyday themes, he brought the quiet joy of small mysteries.



EDOUARD VUILLARD'S "MISSIA AND THADÉE NATANSON"

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Bungle by a Ninny?

Into the jaws of American commercial television last week flew Britain's suddenly famed runner, Roger Bannister, the world's first four-minute miler (TIME, May 17). But just as the jaws were about to snap tight, cables crackled across the Atlantic, Parliament rocked and anxious hands reached out to preserve Roger Bannister for purer things.

Not since the coronation-day monkey-shines of J. Fred Muggs had U.S. television inspired such ringing editorials in London papers and public wailing in the streets. But this time the acknowledged villains of the piece were fellow Britons—Foreign Office chaps, to boot. Cried the London Daily Mirror: "What a muck-up



AMATEUR BANNISTER
He had a secret.

the Whitehall maulers have made of Roger Bannister's visit to America. . . The public wants to know who bungled. Who spiked the fastest man on earth by grossly mismanaging his good-will trip to the States? . . . Was it some ninny at the Foreign Office?

Official Crackdown. When 25-year-old Trackman Bannister was hustled aboard a plane at London airport under the alias "Richard Bentley," his flight to the U.S. was supposed to be a secret. He had been asked to appear on the CBS-TV panel show *I've Got a Secret*. The British Foreign Office came to the aid of the producers, Mark Goodson and Bill Todman, by persuading the British Amateur Athletic Board that the trip would help "cement British-American relations."

By the time Bannister landed at New York's Idlewild airport, Reuters had broken the story and reporters, radio-TV men and diplomats outnumbered the Goodson & Todman agents, who claimed first crack

at the athlete because, after all, they had thought up the idea and paid his passage. Three hours later the British Information Service announced that Bannister would not appear on *I've Got a Secret* after all, or on any other sponsored show. Daniel J. Ferris, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur Athletic Union of the U.S., had started the chain of events by inquiring of his British counterparts whether Bannister's going on the air on a sponsored program would jeopardize his amateur standing. The British officials promptly reviewed the case and cracked down.

Dizzy Whirl. The *I've Got a Secret* producers, much miffed (they had even offered to drop their opening commercial) but happy to accept the Information Service's offer to reimburse them by the \$522 spent for Bannister's airline passage to the U.S., managed to struggle along with another, if less famed, athlete: Jack Warhop, the oldtime Yankee pitcher who served up the first major-league home-run ball to Babe Ruth.

Meantime, Runner Bannister got caught up in a dizzy, two-day whirl in Manhattan, amiably submitted to interviews, posed for pictures, appeared on a few radio-TV shows free from a sponsor's taint, and took in the sights. Another compromising situation was averted in the cloud-banked Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center when Bannister accepted a small silver cup, guaranteed to be worth no more than \$32.00, from a Southern California amateur athletic group. It was a substitute for a \$300 sterling silver bowl—the Roger Bannister Trophy—which he could have received only in defiance of British rules—part of an international amateur code—prohibiting athletes to accept gifts worth more than £12 (\$33.60). Before flying off home, Bannister revealed a final secret about *I've Got a Secret*. Even if he had been permitted to appear on the show, he wouldn't have gone through with it, he said. The sponsor, he had since learned, was a cigarette company (Cavalier). Not only does he not smoke, but he is convinced that "smoking doesn't do anyone any good."

Kid Brother

There was, of course, no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. . . You had to live—did live, from habit that became instinct—in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and except in darkness, every movement scrutinized.

—George Orwell,
Nineteen Eighty-Four

In a hotel room near Boston one night recently, a private detective sat down before a television set and leaned back to enjoy a local show that, if aired nationally, might outdraw *Dragnet*. The private eye, hired by an angry husband to get the goods on his playful wife, was tuned to the goings-on in a nearby room, as relayed by a TV camera installed behind a one-



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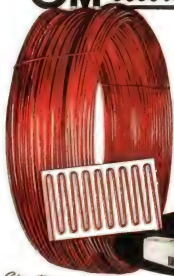
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way mirror in a closet door. Occasionally he snapped a photograph of the television picture. It was strictly routine; twice before his agency had used peeping TV in divorce actions. Both times had got evidence enough for out-of-court settlements.

Such eavesdropping by television is not common, yet the out-of-studio use of the TV camera as a versatile, unsleeping third eye for man is more widespread than most televisioners, busy ogling Lucy and Groucho, are aware. In Houston's city jail, eight electronic cameras scan the corridors and cells. In the Redlands, Calif. jail, two cameras mounted in a bullet-proof blister overlook the exercise yard, another, perched in the wall opposite the cell tier, swings from side to side like a metronome, staring balefully at the men in their bunks. Television eyes peer down at customers and clerks in the Alpha Beta grocery in Pasadena, Calif., watching for shoplifters.

Sugar Cane & Shells. In an age already short on privacy, the danger is apparent, but most of the watchdog work of television thus far has been beneficial. TV cameras, trimmed down to shoebox size and able to see in the dark when used with infra-red light, can go places and do things too dangerous for humans.

In Great Britain, TV's most spectacular role has been under water: in 1951, a camera ringed with searchlights was lowered 285 feet to the rocky bottom of the English Channel to find and identify the lost submarine *Affray* (TIME, Sept. 24, 1951). Off the coast of Elba, Royal Navy TV cameras have plunged for the remains of the Comet jetliner that crashed into the sea last January.

U.S. industry has made the greatest use of watchdog TV. At an annual saving of \$13,000 in guard salaries, Watertown Arsenal in Massachusetts posts TV cameras for 24-hour watch of 300 yards of fence. Television eyes help check the speed of sugar cane moving along a conveyor belt at the Ewa Plantation near Honolulu, tip off workmen when the cane jams up. At Chicago's Argonne National Laboratory, scientists manipulate radioactive material with intricate "slave hands" by means of a three-dimensional camera that gives the necessary depth perception for delicate handling. The military has drafted television to get safe closeups of automatic shell loading, seek out enemy targets for guided missiles, and, with cameras mounted in planes and jeeps, survey the front lines for commanders in rear areas.

Jockeys & Croupiers. Only a handful of television manufacturers, notably Diamond Power Specialty Corp. of Lancaster, Ohio, makes specialized TV units (average installation cost: \$4,000). Compared to entertainment TV, it is still small potatoes, but the field is wide open. Foxboro Bay State Raceway outside Boston has signed up for a battery of cameras to monitor races at various points along the track. The new Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills, now going up, will have closed-circuit TV to let a guest read a dinner menu on his TV set or give him a look at the nightclub act going on down-

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THE ROAD OF PLANNED PROGRESS

stairs. In Las Vegas, the plush Sands Hotel is installing a TV detective system to watch over the gaming tables, seek out cheating customers or croupiers (Harold's Club, Reno's massive gambling palace, tried TV for a while, but dropped it in favor of its time-tested system of watchmen who prowled catwalks behind the murals).

Televisioners confidently forecast the day when every home will have its private network (so mother can keep track of the kids) and telephones will come equipped with TV screens. But there is a chill in the air: in that event, would Big Brother and his thought-controlling telescreen be far behind? Active as peeping TV is today, Big Brother is still a kid brother.

Paid in Full

In Manhattan, CBS cleared up the six-week-old question of who would pay Senator Joe McCarthy's Fox Movietone bill by sending him a check for \$6,336.09. McCarthy had hired the Fox studios to film his April 6 TV reply to Edward R. Murrow's famed *See It Now* analysis of his manner and methods. After McCarthy, the Aluminum Co. of America (SIN's sponsor) and Murrow had declined, CBS decided that its "policy of fairness and balance" required it to pick up the tab.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, May 21, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Stars over Hollywood (Sat. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Maureen O'Sullivan in *Act of God*.
The Preckness (Sat. 5:30 p.m., CBS and CBS-TV).

Showcase (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). A new series based on BBC programs.

Spotlight on Paris (Sat. 7 p.m., NBC). A new series of shows from France.

Your Invitation to Music (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). Sir Thomas Beecham conducts Delius' *A Mass of Life*.

Theater Royal (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Sir Ralph Richardson in Henry James's *The Aspern Papers*.

Suspense (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Agnes Moorehead in *Weekend Special—Death*.

America's Town Meeting (Tues. 9 p.m., ABC). "Which Way for Industry—North or South?"

TELEVISION

Mister Peepers (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). He finally marries Nancy.

We Saw It Happen (Sun. 8 p.m., ABC). Hour documentary on aviation with Eddie Rickenbacker, Igor Sikorsky, Jimmy Doolittle, Glenn Martin, William Boeing.

G.E. Theater (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). June Havoc and Victor Jory in *Exit for Margo*.

Quack-Berle Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Guests: Ann Sheridan and George Raft.

U.S. Steel Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Walter Hampden and Gary Merrill.

Kraft Television Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). *The Scarlet Letter*.



America's Heart is Lindell and Spring

If the U. S. heart is in any one spot, it's in St. Louis. Here, East meets West, and North flows into South. And the heart of St. Louis—many travelers agree—is at Lindell Boulevard and Spring Street—the Sheraton Hotel.

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A chemist's vocabulary is strictly limited



It's child's play for a chemist to use polysyllabic words. Yet, in some respects, his vocabulary is strictly limited. It just doesn't include words such as "hopeless" . . . "absurd" . . . "impossible." The many miracles that emerge from the mysterious world of chemistry are mute testimony to this fact.

By "doing the impossible," the chemical industry has created life-

saving drugs. It has made antifreeze that doesn't boil away. It has produced plastics whose uses are apparently endless. And the chemical industry has come through with synthetic materials that often go nature's products one better.

To develop a new product, the chemical industry carries on relentless research. But it doesn't stop there. It then finds a way to mass-produce the new product, so that its cost will not be prohibitive. Phthalic Anhydride, the chemical that makes

possible today's quick-drying paints and enamels, is a good example of this. When first produced, phthalic cost \$2.85 a pound; within two years chemical engineering knowledge had cut the cost to 40¢.

This week, as the nation observes Chemical Progress Week, Koppers congratulates the entire chemical industry on its brilliant achievements. We also have good reason to be proud of our own chemists, and of the many contributions they have made to our country's welfare.



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RELIGION

Fourth in Importance

To publicize a new history book, Publishers Grosset & Dunlap asked a panel of 28 historians, educators and journalists (including Authors Stuart Chase and Raymond Moley, Journalists Ernest K. Lindley and Virginius Dabney) to rate the 100 most significant events in history. First place: Columbus' discovery of America. Second: Gutenberg's development of movable type. Eleven events tied for third place. Tied for fourth place: U.S. Constitution takes effect, ether makes surgery painless, X ray discovered, Wright brothers' plane flies, Jesus Christ is crucified.

For Men & Boys

The thin, grey-haired man lurched forward, his shirtsleeved arms outstretched, his face asked with horror. With a cry of pain he pointed to a small boy in the silent group before him. "Get out!" he shouted. "Get out!"

Father Eugene O'Malley was rehearsing the Paulist Choir of Chicago's St. Mary's Church, and the sound and fury was something his 100-odd choristers took in stride. He ranged up and down the basement rehearsal hall like a restless spirit, his ears stretching for sour notes and his eyes for inattention. "Watch me!" he shouted. "If you don't watch me, you'll go flying out of here so fast you won't know what happened to you!" Suddenly he swooped. "You're flat! You're throwing everyone else off. Apply yourself!"

Yet last week, at the sold-out concert at Chicago's Civic Opera House, celebrating the famed choir's 50th anniversary, such a thing as a flat tone was unthinkable. The program, which ranged from Palestrina to Stravinsky, produced a fortissimo reaction from the music critics. "Cool, thin, silver tone . . . timeless patina," said the *Tribune*. Said Paulist

O'Malley: "It was one of the finest concerts I've ever conducted."

A Lot of Nerve. This was no small thing to say, for St. Mary's Paulist Choir is one of the best in the world. It was well known in 1914, when twelve-year-old Eugene O'Malley first thought of joining it. He had read about its triumphal tour of Europe two years before, when it sang before Pope Pius X.* For years young O'Malley had been practicing the piano and going to almost every concert and opera in Chicago. At his tryout he sang Gounod's *Ave Maria* straight through with such solemn precision that Father William J. Finn, the choirmaster (now retired), nicknamed him the "professor" and accepted him on the spot.

When Father Finn took a group of boys to New York City in 1918 to form a new choir, O'Malley went along as his assistant director. He spent his spare time at the Metropolitan Opera and his spare cash on Victrola records. On the side he served as choirmaster of St. Gregory's Church, and staged concerts in the grand hall of the Waldorf-Astoria. He was just 17 then, "I had a lot of nerve," he admits.

But three years later he decided to give music up to become a priest, a Paulist like his idol, Father Finn. "I had the idea of becoming a priest from a small boy," he says. Manhattan helped. "I used to float around with a lot of theatrical people, and they didn't impress me very much."

Instead of depriving him of his music, the church gave it back to him.

The Handmaid of Religion. While he was studying for the priesthood, the Paulist Order sent him all over Europe to

* Who will be canonized on May 20. Plus, who had an excellent voice himself, instituted a major reform of Catholic church music. Fighting the widespread use in church of professional opera singers and instruments such as drums, trumpets and violins, he advocated a return to Gregorian chant.



Arthur Shost

FATHER O'MALLEY & PAULIST CHORISTERS
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study with the masters of choral music. Young O'Malley took full advantage of the opportunity. Says he: "The church through various Popes has recognized the boy's voice as the proper vehicle for religious music because of its innocent quality. The early composers of the polyphonic period wrote for boys and men, not for men and women. So it's my belief that this music can only be sung by boys and men, and I wanted to find out how to train them. That was my chief problem, and I think I dug it up."

Exceptional voices are not the secret of what Father O'Malley has accomplished with the choir (he has been with it ever since he was ordained in 1928). If a boy can sing *America* with a good tone and wants very much to join, O'Malley promptly puts him in the probationary group. Nor does the secret lie in anything he tells them ("The less you tell boys the better"). O'Malley's methods simply consist of ferocious discipline and passionate intensity plus eight hours of rehearsal a week. There are two cardinal rules for the boys: 1) wear enough clothes so you don't catch cold. 2) don't shout. Perfectionist O'Malley will keep a boy in the probationary group for as long as two years if he persists in shouting at play. "Why aren't you in the choir yet?" he will ask an intent nine-year-old. "Because I abuse my voice," answers the boy guiltily.

The choir supports itself tidily with society weddings, big-name funerals and concert tours. Last week's anniversary concert netted a cool \$9,000. The choir also furthers the special concern of the Paulists—to propagate the Roman Catholic faith among other Christians. Many non-Catholics are drawn to St. Mary's by the music, and several Protestant choir members have become converted.

"Music is a handmaid to religion," says Father O'Malley. "It is supposed to lift the soul and heart of man to God."

In the Soup

William Ackerman of Chicago is no Arthur Godfrey fan. In fact, Ackerman, international director of the World Home Bible League, which gives away close to 400,000 Bibles a year, feels that Godfrey is occasionally "suggestive." But when, while he was switching channels one night, Godfrey's humble face swam onto the screen, Bibleman Ackerman stopped to stare. "The Redhead" was pouring the commercial.

"When it comes to the chicken in Lipton's soup, you've got to have faith," Godfrey was saying. "Just like it says in the Bible. You know—the *Book of Hebrews*, Chapter 11, Verse one: 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen' [laughter]. Or as it says in the *Book of John*, Chapter 20, Verse 29: 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' But don't go lookin' in the soup. It's there, but you'll never see it [laughter]."

Televiever Ackerman promptly blew his top at this novel use of Holy Writ. With William A. Chapman, founder of the World Home Bible League, he tore



ARTHUR GODFREY

The sponsor's faith was shaken.

off telegrams to Godfrey and Lipton's: "Shameful, sacrilegious . . . intolerably obnoxious . . . loose disrespect . . . one of the lowest notes in television history."

Last week Ackerman received a reply from Lipton's: "Like you, we were completely surprised at his reference to Scriptures. An entirely different commercial message has been prepared for him in connection with our product. Therefore, Mr. Godfrey's action . . . was without any prior knowledge or approval on our part . . . and we have already taken this matter up with Mr. Godfrey."

But by week's end any Godfrey reaction to the matter was as invisible as the chicken in the soup.

Words & Works

¶ The Church and Nation Committee of the Church of Scotland prepared for this week's General Assembly a report warning that "Another threat to Christian values comes today from . . . those that exploit the fear of Communism for sinister political ends . . . The emergence of McCarthyism can no longer be regarded as a merely temporary phenomenon . . . The Christian heritage of truth and freedom is endangered by a movement that is having evil repercussions throughout the world . . ."

¶ After eight days of balloting on a country estate near London, the High Council of the Salvation Army elected a new general to succeed retiring General Albert Orshorn. 67. British General-elect Wilfred Kitching, 60, a Salvationist for 40 years and onetime secretary to Founder William Booth, predicted a new surge of Salvation Army activity, especially in Africa, Indonesia and India.

¶ The American Bible Society reported at its 138th annual meeting that distribution of the Scriptures in the U.S. increased by 140% during the past five years to reach an alltime high of 9,726,391 volumes during 1953.



Sub-Launched Missile Gives Navy New Striking Power

CONTROL OF REGULUS HELD "UNCANNY"... "BIRDS" CAN BE RETRIEVED DURING TESTS

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

■ When a guided missile launched from a submarine hundreds of miles off shore can be held to an accurate course at speeds approaching Mach 1, and precisely aimed at a specific inland target—that's news, *bad* news for a possible enemy. And, when costly models of the missile can be recovered and re-used time after time for evaluation and training, that's news, too—*good* news for American taxpayers.

■ On both counts, the Navy's Regulus, developed by Chance Vought Aircraft, Inc., is constantly in the headlines.

■ Providing the stability that holds Regulus on its course with a vise-like grip—and assuring recovery during tests—is a specially-designed Automatic Pilot, created by Sperry. Like its relative, the famous Sperry Gyropilot® Flight Control favored by the military and leading airlines, this electronic "brain" is sensitive to the slightest signal change in the flight path. Under its command, powerful servos or "muscles" of the control system

make instant corrections—fly Regulus unflinchingly through intricate maneuvers at all speeds and at all altitudes.

■ There's a mighty difference between the automatic controls created by Sperry for this newest guided missile of the Navy, and those provided by Sperry for the Navy's first guided missile back in World War I days. But they're alike in this respect: Both resulted from an unmatched combination of skillful engineering *plus* specialized experience in electronics and gyroscopics, and precision in production.

BY W. BRUCE B. BERNARD

SPERRY GYROSCOPE COMPANY

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Crowded Road Back

When farm prices and farm-machinery sales began to drop last year, the rest of the economy was still in its biggest boom in history. Last week International Harvester Co. President John L. McCaffrey announced that farm-equipment sales have been picking up since December. Said he: "If we must be among the first to feel the adjustment, perhaps we can be among the first to lead the way back."

Reports from other segments of the economy indicated that a traffic jam was building up on the road back. Items:

- ☐ Sales in 44 chain stores and mail-order houses in April reversed an eight-month slide, pushed 4.4% higher than a year ago.
- ☐ The stock market hit another new high; Dow-Jones industrials rose 1.20, to 322.50.
- ☐ The bond market was booming. Connecticut's first \$100 million bond issue for its \$398 million toll expressway was snapped up by 250 investment bankers. The Treasury Department offered \$2.2 billion in 4½-year notes, got so many orders that it had to turn down \$7.5 billion.

Total production in the first quarter was at an annual rate of \$357.8 billion, down only 1.5% from a year ago. Said a top Commerce Department official: "Gross national product is midway between the alltime record . . . in 1953 and the . . . total for 1952. I can't see how anyone can say we are even in a serious recession . . . when output is between . . . a very good year and an alltime high."

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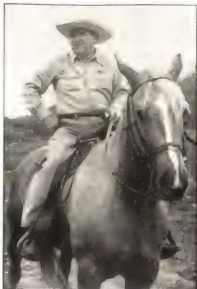
The New Athenians

(See Cover)

Like much of East Texas, Henderson County is a rolling expanse of pastureland, woods and worked-out cotton fields. Its county seat and cultural capital is a sleepy town with the splendid name of Athens (pop. 5,300). Henderson County and Athens have a distinction that makes them notable even in Texas. They have spawned about 50 of Texas' millionaires and multimillionaires. The biggest of these big rich are a select few known throughout Texas as "the new Athenians."

Sid Richardson, the richest of the new Athenians because of his ocean of oil reserves, jokingly takes credit for starting the boys from Athens on their way years ago. After making his first killing in oil, Richardson drove into town in a block-long Cadillac. "When I left," he says, "all those guys sitting on those benches around the square jumped up and followed me right out of town."

Leader of the new Athenians, by general agreement, is Richardson's old crony, Clinton Williams Murchison, 59, a financial genius who, according to affectionate legend, can add \$1 and \$1 and get \$11 million. A solid little bundle of energy (5 ft. 6 in., 175 lbs.) with horn-rimmed glasses, twinkling blue eyes and a putty blob of a nose, Murchison (pronounced Murkison) is the first of a brand-new breed of Texas oilmen. Having made his millions in oil, he is now using them to



OLLMAN MURCHISON

Don Weiner

He has an iron horse by the tail.

further the popular Texas ambition of buying up the rest of the U.S.

Pirate's Treasure. Murchison has built up an empire of 48 companies, with 50,000 employees and an estimated \$350 million in assets—not to mention scores of lesser investments. The companies stretch from Canada to Mexico, from coast to coast, and are as varied as a pirate's treasure (see map). No sooner has he bought a ship line than he wants a railroad, no sooner a candy company than he gets a grocery. Murchison juggles multi-million-dollar deals with the unconcern of a racetrack teller counting \$2 bills. In Texas, where such a man is admirably known as a "wheeler-dealer," Clint Murchison is the biggest wheeler-dealer of them all. Says Sid Richardson: "Murchison is the kind of man that tells you, 'Here, hold this horse while I run and catch another one.' First thing you know, you've got your hands full of Murchison horses."

In the past few months Murchison and Richardson have hit the nation's front pages by trying to help their fellow Texan, Robert R. Young, catch an iron horse—the \$2.7 billion New York Central Railroad. The Central deal started with a long-distance phone call last March. Young, an ambitious dreamer who has exchanged Texas roughness for Newport's semi-suavity, had run into trouble in his campaign to win the Central. From Palm Beach, he called Murchison and said, "I need some help." Murchison called Richardson in California and said, "I need some help." Richardson took the call just as he was starting out for a round of golf. In his haste, he agreed to go along on the deal without hearing the full details. Next day, when he spoke to Mur-



TIME CLOCK

chison again, Richardson was startled to find that it was not a \$10 million deal as he had thought, but a \$20 million one. Cried he: "What the hell did you say was the name of this railroad?"

Well-Hedged. Murchison and Richardson jumped at the deal, because they know that Bob Young is an expert at parlaying shoestrings into golden chains. Early this year Young sold Murchison a 24% interest in his huge Investors Diversified Services, Inc., whose three subsidiaries sell savings certificates and other securities (TIME, Sept. 15, 1952). Murchison's \$5,000,000 investment is already worth more than \$7,000,000.

The New York Central proposition was just the kind Murchison likes. He and Richardson did not have to put up a cent of their own money, but borrowed the entire \$20 million needed to buy 800,000 shares of Central stock from the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, which until February was controlled by Young. They got more than half the money from Young's own Allegheny Corp. and his business associate, Allan Kirby. With it, they got an option to sell 50% of the stock back to Allegheny at the \$25 price they paid (current market value, about \$22).

The real reason for the purchase, of course, was to vote the 800,000 shares in favor of Bob Young at the Central's annual meeting May 26. Last week New York Supreme Court Justice James B. McNally turned down the Central's plea for an injunction to block the Texans from voting the stock on the ground that the sale violated an ICC order. Unless the Central can find new legal objections, it looks as if the Texans will be able to vote the shares, which constitute about 12% of the total, and bring Young & Co.'s holdings to 1,300,000 shares.

But the vote on the other 5,318,530 Central shares did not seem to be going in Young's favor. About 40% is held by brokers for their customers. The largest such holdings are in the hands of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, the biggest brokerage house in the world. It holds 415,000 shares owned by 1,752 of its customers. About three-quarters of that vote is in, and the Central management has 60%, though individual stockholders have voted 3-1 for Young.

A month ago, Murchison predicted: "We'll get 90% of the proxies," Richardson, who loves to josh his wheedling friend, picked him up: "Bet you \$10 million we don't." Said Murchison: "Well, if we don't get 90%, we'll get 55%, and that's enough."

No matter what happens in the Central deal, Murchison is busy on a bigger transaction. Last week, in Canada, the Alberta government, by okaying a gas-export permit, in effect gave the go-ahead to Trans-Canada Pipe Lines, Ltd. to build a 2,240-mile pipeline from Eastern Alberta to Toronto and Montreal, with a planned spur to Minneapolis-St. Paul. The \$3

FLOYD ODLUM'S ATLAS CORP. is buying heavily into RKO Pictures Corp., while other stockholders are selling their shares on Howard Hughes's offer of \$6. Since RKO sold its moviemaking properties to Hughes, it now has only cash and a corporate name. Odlum would like to get the corporate shell, perhaps offset its \$20 million in losses against future earnings in new ventures. Atlas, which has more than 17% of the stock, would like to get Hughes's 32% interest.

JOB OUTLOOK is better than ever for this June's college graduates, especially engineers, accountants and business majors. A record number of companies are recruiting on campuses, and those who started after March are out of the running for top-flight students. Main reason: number of graduates is down to 343,000 from 374,000 last year, and around 500,000 in 1949 and 1950. Beginning salaries offered are up around 5%.

JOHN L. LEWIS' Mine Workers union, which already owns the National Bank of Washington, third largest in the capital, is buying stock to get control of the Hamilton National Bank, fourth largest. Combined, the two banks would have deposits of \$220 million (including the union's welfare fund), and would be 100th biggest in the country.

AMERADA brought in a well near Williston, N.D., which oilmen believe has tapped a new oilfield in the rich Williston Basin.

PROXY FIGHTS this spring are going the rebels' way. On the heels of an insurgent victory in the New Haven battle, Chicago Lawyer Ben W. Heineman unseated 307,859 votes to 219,373 the management of the 1,397-mile Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, whose main line runs from Minneapolis to Peoria, Ill. Hein-

man, who built his campaign around the lavish expense accounts (up to \$100,000 in one year) of Board Chairman Lucian C. Sprague, plans to trim expenses, raise dividends.

IRON CURTAIN countries, turned down once as an outlet for U.S. farm surpluses, may get them under a new proposal. The Agriculture Department is pushing a plan to sell Government stocks to private exporters, permit them to sell to Communist countries for dollars, or even better, for strategic materials.

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD, in bankruptcy for 21 years, may finally get out. After opposing five different reorganization plans, Robert R. Young's Allegheny Corp. finally okayed a compromise worked out by MoPac Trustee Guy A. Thompson. Allegheny, which owns almost half of the old common, would get 5% or 10% of the road's voting stock under the new plan, depending on what ICC decides.

GENERAL MILLS, whose sales of housewares have been slipping, sold out its small-appliance business (electric irons, mixers, etc.) to McGraw Electric Co. of Elgin, Ill. (Toastermaster). Last year General Mills' housewares-division sales amounted to 2% of the company's \$483 million gross, but current sales are estimated at less than 1% or under \$5,000,000.

MEAT SUPPLY in 1954 will be the biggest in ten years and the second biggest in history, predicts the American Meat Institute. But the expected supply increase of 160 million lbs. (to 25 billion lbs.) will not make up for the nation's continuing population increase. Average meat consumption is expected to drop from 154 lbs. last year to 151 lbs. this year, and prices are expected to hold steady or decline slightly.

million Trans-Canada pipeline, which will be half owned by Murchison's Canadian Delhi Oil Ltd., will be nearly half again as long as the Big Inch. Murchison and his Canadian partners still have to raise the money. But with all the natural gas in Alberta, including close to a trillion cubic feet owned by his Canadian Delhi, and the waiting markets of Eastern Canada and the U.S., Murchison expects no trouble, plans to have it built by 1955.

The Big Rich. One big reason Murchison is able to swing such varied deals is the tax bonanza enjoyed by all oilmen. This is the depletion allowance which permits them to pocket 27½% of their gross income (up to 50% of their net) before paying a cent of taxes. Such old-time Texas millionaires as Jesse Jones, who owns dozens of Houston's choicest buildings, and Publisher Amon Carter, whose Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* is Texas's biggest paper (circ. 241,582), were able to amass their first riches in other fields. So was Dallas's Leo Corrigan, who

has pyramided his real-estate holdings to an estimated \$500 million (latest project: a \$5,000,000 resort hotel in Nassau). But by & large, the big Texas fortunes are now founded on oil and the liberal tax provisions that go with it. Samples:

¶ Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, 65, of Dallas, who got his start running one of the tables in an Arkansas gambling house, is probably rivaled only by Sid Richardson for the title of richest man in the U.S. Richardson figures that Hunt's production is higher, but that his own oil reserves are bigger (estimated at as high as 750 million bbls.). Hunt, a lone wolf who hardly knows the new Athenians, uses his oil wealth to spread his far-right views through such media as radio & TV's *Facts Forum*. He lives in a Texas version of Mount Vernon, i.e., bigger.

¶ Hugh Roy Cullen, 72, of Houston, is another far-right winger, but no friend of H. L. Hunt. He is Senator McCarthy's patron saint in Texas, has contributed to McCarthy's campaigns and right-wing Re-

publican causes. Cullen has also contributed much to Houston, has put aside an estimated \$760 million for colleges, hospitals and charitable organizations.

¶ Sam Wilson, 49, of Corpus Christi, is a wildcat described as a "Glenn McCarthy who managed to hold onto it." With part of his oil wealth, Horse Lover Wilson built a huge office building in his home town, topped it with a giant revolving neon W in his racing colors.

¶ R. E. (Bob) Smith, 59, of Houston, a great, friendly bull of a man who is one of a new group of civic-minded oilmen. While not in the same financial class as Cullen or Hunt, he has quietly amassed millions in an office labeled simply with his name and the words "Oil Operator." Smith headed Houston's swank Petroleum Club, spends much of his time and money on such civic functions as civil defense and hospitals. Is No. 1 layman of Houston's First Methodist Church, the nation's largest.

The K.K.K. The new Athenians, especially Murchison and Richardson, differ from their brother millionaires in that they do not dabble noisily in politics, propaganda, or welfare institutions. While they stick to business, they have their little luxuries but shun ostentation. Bachelor Richardson lives in the Fort Worth Club, has one of the finest U.S. collections of frontier paintings by Russell and Remington. Murchison shuttles between New York, Washington and a collection of city and country homes in a private DC-3, the *Flying Gimmie* (named for his pretty second wife, Virginia, who accompanies him on many of his trips). He has a 25-room house just outside Dallas and a 3,300-acre ranch 65 miles away. When he wants to get farther away from the world, he flies to his 75,000-acre Acuña Ranch in Mexico's Sierra Madre Mountains. It is comfortably furnished but it has no phone, is on no road, and can be reached only by plane. Murchison likes to hunt on his 1,000-acre island in the Gulf of Mexico. He and his wife are now putting the finishing touches on a \$100,000 farm near his old home town of Athens. To landscape the 2,000-acre site, he has planted 10,000 pine seedlings and 10,000 strawberry plants. Says a friend: "Murchison does almost everything by ten thousands."

But when the new Athenians really want to enjoy themselves, they make for the Koon Kreek Klub, an exclusive (i.e., mostly millionaires) tract of wilderness near Athens. There, Murchison, Richardson and such other Athenians as Oilman Ike La Rue and Lease Broker George Greer loaf around simple cabins in sports shirts or old clothes, play gin rummy for 1¢ a point, kick each other about their waistlines, and fish for bream (pronounced "brim" in Texas, and a member of the sunfish family). With guides to bait the hooks and take off the fish, it is perhaps the most relaxing form of fishing in the world; Murchison likes it because it gives him time to think.

Funny Question. Murchison extends the same open-shirted informality to his business. One sure laugh at stockholder

meetings of his key Delhi Oil Co. is provided by a stockholder, a mailman who has made a small fortune. He plaintively asks the same question year after year: "Clint, when you goin' to pay a dividend?" Delhi stockholders, who get few dividends, can afford to guzzle at this. They all know that Murchison is interested not in dividends but in piling up the lower-taxed capital gains. He achieves them for himself and his stockholders by "spinning" new companies out of old ones.

The prime example of this is Murchison's Southern Union Gas Co., the foundation stone of his empire. Started as a gas producer and distributor, Southern Union's earnings were strictly limited by state utility commissions. Murchison "spun off" its gas-and-oil holdings into separate corporations, including Delhi Oil, Barker Dome, Aztec Oil & Gas, Arkansas



YOUNG & RICHARDSON
Just a simple business deal.

Western Gas and Texas Southeastern Gas, whose earnings as producers were not regulated. Delhi Oil, the biggest of the children, has since wildcatted its way into 215 producing oil and gas wells in six states and oil reserves of more than 11 million bbls. It started hunting oil and gas in Canada through a subsidiary, but the subsidiary was spun off (with Murchison retaining control) when the Trans-Canada pipeline deal shaped up. The pipeline's future seemed so solid to Murchison that he thought it had no place in wildcatting Delhi. Said he: "Canadian Delhi is so conservative we kicked it out of Delhi."

Such corporate spin-offs have well profited Murchison and his stockholders. A man who paid \$1,000 for 1,000 shares of Southern Union in 1943, and exercised all rights and options since then, would have spent a total of \$31,688 (easily borrowed against his holdings). By now, his dividends would have amounted to more than \$10,000, and his stock (including

the offspring companies) would be worth close to \$150,000. (Murchison himself sold out of Southern Union in 1950 with a \$5,500,000 net profit.)

Daring & Reason. Wheeler-Dealer Murchison deals in such big figures that, like many other oilmen, he automatically drops off the zeros when talking about his business. Recently, when asked how he made out on a certain deal, he smiled and held up seven fingers, meaning that he had made \$7,000,000.

Murchison, in all likelihood, would have been a success—and probably a millionaire—no matter where he lived. The proximity to Texas oil, plus the depletion allowance, gave him a chance to pyramid his millions. He has a trader's shrewd knowledge of human beings and a gambler's quiet ability to calculate the odds. He also has a banker's cold logic and an optimist's faith in U.S. business enterprise. A little bit of all these qualities is apparent in most of his deals.

He bought 49% of the stock of Manhattan's Henry Holt publishing house for \$760,000 between 1945 and 1951, in the correct belief that the World War II baby crop and the G.I. Bill of Rights meant a big boom in textbooks. With another eye on the moppet market, he bought 4% of Lionel Corp. for \$630,000. *Field & Stream* Magazine (\$1,300,000) and the James Heddon's fishing-tackle company in Michigan (\$2,400,000) were naturals for Murchison, and not merely because of his abiding interest in rod and reel. Among other things, he was figuring on a basic change in the U.S. economy: "Shorter hours mean more fishing." Following the same line of thought, he leased Colorado's Royal Gorge Bridge, a tourist attraction complete with an amusement ride for children, bought a string of outdoor movie theaters, and a resort hotel in La Jolla, Calif. With Robert R. Young in 1951, he bought control of Seattle's American Mail Line, because government subsidies made it look good. Says he: "I'm always a little bit bullish."

"Nothing Complicated." Once Murchison has made up his mind on a deal, he turns the details over to someone else—often to the aide's consternation. When he sent a friend to Jackson, Miss. to buy the Lamar Life Insurance Co. not long ago, the friend decided after he got there that Murchison had underestimated the complications and the size of the deal. But when he phoned back, Murchison snapped: "There's nothing complicated about it—100,000 shares at \$105, that's \$10.5 million. Just a simple business deal."

To Murchison, a deal is right when both sides profit from it; that way, "they can do business together again." When he figures a deal is right, he will not quibble about terms. One time when Murchison was trading some life-insurance and oil properties with a partner named Toddie Lee Wynne, they were \$498,000 apart on price. They slipped a coin for the difference, Wynne won. But Clint made a fat capital gain anyway.

Murchison has built his empire on credit. He now owes millions and is con-



HUNT



SMITH



CORRIGAN



WILSON



CULLEN

For the big rich, a trader's knowledge, a gambler's daring, a banker's logic and an optimist's faith.

Associated Press, Bert Brandt, Ed Miley, Carl Graf—Corpus Christi Caller-Times, Maurice Miller

sidered vulnerable by some Texans, who think that he is already spread too thin. Murchison thinks not, as long as he is able to borrow more against his oil reserves and other holdings. Says he: "Cash makes a man careless." Both he and Richardson pride themselves on the fortunes they owe. "Murchison," Richardson once said. "I'm a bigger success than you are. Some of my paper is held in London." When Murchison once decided to get out of debt, Richardson talked him out of it: "Don't do it. The day you do you'll be dead, and I haven't got time for a funeral."

Melon & Coke. Murchison has built such a wheeling-dealing reputation that propositions pour into his downtown Dallas office at the rate of more than 600 a year. Only a handful are acted on. Murchison does most of his thinking about these while others sleep. He gets up as early as 3:30 a.m., brews himself a pot of coffee and sits for hours, thinking and listening to the Rev. W. E. Hawkins, a fundamentalist preacher on Dallas' Station KRLL. After breakfast (a slice of melon or a bottle of Coke) he drives himself to work in a 1953 Ford. He works in shirtsleeves with no tie, throws papers that he wants filed on the carpeted floor.

Unlike many a financial operator, Murchison is not interested in managing a company, will not take on a property unless it is already doing well. He personally heads only two of his many companies (Canadian Delhi and Delhi), has not even set foot in many of their offices. (His only advice to Henry Holt was that it should publish a book on gin rummy.) He leaves all the details to a crack team of young financial brains headed by his sons John Dabney, 32, and Clint Jr., 30, along with James H. Clark, 45, a former executive in a Chicago firm of management consultants. Around Dallas, they are known as "Clint's Whiz Kids."

Skunks for Sears. Murchison got his start in business as a boy in Athens. His parents were of Scotch Presbyterian pioneer stock and, for Athenians, fairly well off; his father was head of the First National Bank. Nevertheless, young Clint, the second of nine children, used to get up at 3 a.m. to run a trap line for coons and skunks, sold the pelts to Sears, Roebuck.

At school he was a laggard in mathematics and was put in a special class, where he was made to do sums in his

head. The lessons stuck, and he now astounds people with his memory for figures and lightning-like calculations. Schoolmate Sid Richardson, who is five years older, spent his spare time trading cattle. Sid taught Clint so much about cattle trading that Murchison was able to turn a crippled heifer into \$1,500 by the time he entered Texas' Trinity University.

After only two months in college, Gambler Murchison was caught in a crap game. He was told he could stay if he signed a no-craps pledge. But Murchison would not make such a promise; he returned to Athens as a teller in his father's bank. Instead of staying in his cage, Clint spent most of his time drinking coffee and drumming up business at the corner drugstore. He could not be bothered counting small change that was not included in the bank's legal reserves. But a bank inspector reasoned differently, ordered Murchison to count every dime in his cage. Murchison spent a full day doing so, then quit.

He entered the Army in 1917 and got a commission, but even the Army could not stop his trading. When the brass on his post ordered some salvage lumber burned, Clint sold it instead for kindling, netted

more than \$15,000 for the mess fund. (Sid Richardson, meanwhile, had joined a National Guard company where he was allowed to do some oil-lease trading to bolster the outfit's funds.)

Gamblers & Promoters. When Richardson got out of the Army, he set himself up as a lease trader in Fort Worth. Murchison was only one day home himself when he got a call from his old friend asking him to join him. When Murchison showed up in uniform, Richardson ordered him into civvies. Said he: "If you wear that uniform when we go around to talk to people, they'll want to talk about the war. We aren't talking about anything but oil."

Murchison set off for Wichita Falls, where the big play was in an extension of the Burk Burnett Field. He found it full of gamblers, promoters, oilmen and rumors. It was his job to separate the oil from the rumors, then snap up leases. Once, Richardson hauled Murchison out of an evening poker game to investigate a wildcard well he had heard about. They raced to the closely guarded site and, by bluffing guards, got near enough to smell oil. Next day they spent \$50,000 buying leases in the area. Twenty-four hours later, they sold the leases for \$200,000.

There were crises. In the commodity collapse of 1921, the price of oil dropped in nine days from \$3.50 a barrel to \$1. Murchison and Richardson had all their money tied up in leases nobody wanted. Says Murchison: "We almost lost our law." They split up, held creditors off as best they could. One even hoodlums then on a hunting trip; they left him stranded on an island in the Gulf while they fled to the mainland. Ultimately, the price of oil went up; they paid their debts. Says Murchison: "If you are honest and if you are trying, most creditors will play ball."

Then Murchison made the decision that made him rich: he started drilling. Through a system of "financin' by finaglin'" i.e., getting money in exchange for a share of one lease, a rig in exchange for a share of another, he formed a new partnership, started drilling wildcard wells at the rate of 50 or 60 a year. Murchison always put aside a few shares for himself. He struck it lucky and his income soared to \$30,000 a month. In 1925 he sold his oil interests for some \$5,000,000, retired to San Antonio, but not for long. "What else is a fellow going to do but work? I



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can't play the piano," says Murchison.

Murchison's first wife died in 1927, and one of his sons died not long after. To take his mind off his troubles, he moved to Dallas, started buying leases and drilling again in West Texas. When his first well in the Pecos Field brought in gas not oil, he arranged to pipe the gas into nearby towns, later expanded his gas lines into Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado and Arkansas. That was the start of his Southern Union Gas Co.

During the Depression Murchison and his partners kept right on expanding. He formed the American Liberty Oil Co., so named in protest at the Government cuts in oil production (prorating) to reduce the surplus caused by the big East Texas oil strike of 1930. Murchison himself was hard hit by that strike, had to shut down some of his wells for four years. Nevertheless, he battled proration in the courts and lost. Murchison now grudgingly admits that proration makes oil-producing cheaper, but still opposes it.

Money in the Ground. As the Depression wore on and war approached, Murchison saw inflation coming, sank every cent he had or could borrow into the ground. He worked out a variation of the reversionary interest, applied it to the oil business and made more millions. His trick to lure buyers, he would sell oil property cheap, with the agreement that after the property had paid off the purchase price plus interest, a half-share in all production would revert to Murchison.

He never stopped gambling. In 1940 he took over a 14,000-acre lease from the Texas Co. and agreed to drill 200 wells on it (at an average cost of \$50,000 a well). Texaco's geologists doubted that he could even make interest on his \$10 million investment. Instead, he netted \$15 million. Following his gambler's instinct, he wanted to spread the risk of the oil business by going into other fields. He chose insurance companies first, since they are not taxed on part of their income. He bought Reserve Loan Life in Indiana, Atlantic Life in Richmond, and Tennessee's Lamar Life. They led to companies that manufactured everything from elevators to tires.

Among the spokes in Murchison's golden wheel today are 23 wholly-owned companies, including three chemical companies, four taxi and bus companies in Texas, and Chicago's Martha Washington candy company. He controls, in addition to American Mail Line, Delhi and Holt, Ohio's Diebold office-equipment company (60%). Chicago's Consumers construction-materials company (85%), a water company in Indianapolis and six Texas banks (including 100% control of Athens First National). Through Delhi, he has a big interest in Taylor Oil & Gas, and with Sid Richardson, he controls Kirby Petroleum in Houston. Other interests: a restaurant in California; a club building in Denver, a small newspaper in Texas, a Tennessee motel, Easy-Washing Machine of Syracuse, a curb-service grocery chain in Dallas, a Mexican silver factory, and a big chunk of Missouri Pacific bonds.

Like other Texas oilmen, Clint Murchison

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ison has also wet his feet in politics. An early Eisenhower supporter, he financed a pro-Ike campaign paper in Texas with Richardson. He has also been a vocal and financial supporter (for about \$40,000) of Senator McCarthy, and has entertained him at his Mexican ranch. Murchison once said: "I like Joe McCarthy. He's done the greatest possible service to his country." Recently, he has cooled somewhat: "I was for him and still am, but with more reservations."

Starting Again. One reason why Texas oil millionaires have taken to politics is that they want to protect their oil interests, e.g., tidelands oil and the depletion allowance. Last week in Washington, as a congressional committee started hearings on tax-free foundations, there were rumblings against H. L. Hunt's depletion-fed foundation, Facts Forum, Republican Senators, Delaware's John Williams and Vermont's George Aiken, are out to cut the allowance to 15%.

Oilmen argue that without the depletion allowance nobody would take the risks needed to find new oil reserves. In the last three years Sid Richardson claims to have spent \$15 million looking for oil without bringing in a well. And Murchison's Delhi Oil ran up a \$690,000 deficit last year because almost half the 56 wells it drilled were dry. Only the depletion allowance, they say, keeps them hunting and keeps oil prices from soaring.

If the depletion allowance were cut to 15%, consumers might have to pay a little more for their oil and gas, but the Government would pick up an estimated \$300 million in additional revenue each year. Says Senator Williams: "As long as there is oil, people will be looking for it, depletion allowance or no."

Clint Murchison is the kind of wheeler-dealer who tends to prove that statement. Though he is now turning over many of his properties to his sons, that does not mean he is retiring from combat: "I guess you could say that I am starting all over again." Could it be uranium? Murchison's face lights up at the word; he has already equipped some of his oilfield crews with detecting devices, just in case. Murchison has no doubts about which of his many deals gives him the most pleasure. Says he: "The next one."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ James M. Symes, 56, who started railroad as a train master's clerk, was elected president and chief executive officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Railroad has taken him to almost every town and branch line on the system: one year he spent 200 nights on sleepers. The son of a baggage master, Symes (rhymes with hymns) grew up near the tracks in his native Glen Osborne, Pa., got a job at 18 on the Pennsy. From clerk he was soon promoted to car tracer, to statistician in Cleveland, to freight movement director in Pittsburgh, to passenger superintendent in Chicago, to freight chief for the entire system. For the job he had head-



Fred Meyer—Philadelphie Franklin
PENNSY'S SYMES & FRANKLIN
200 nights on a sleeper.

ing up the Pennsy's western region during World War II, he was named operational vice president, then executive vice president. As a Pennsy executive, Symes pressed for diesels, modern passenger cars, and became an outspoken critic of the Interstate Commerce Commission's "too little and too late" policy on fare increases. He is credited with clearing the way for downtown Philadelphia's Penn Center, now being built on the former site of the Pennsy's Broad Street Station. Symes predicted that the Pennsy will make money this year despite a first-quarter loss. He takes over from Walter S. Franklin, who will retire next week at 70.

¶ Richard C. Doane, 56, moved up from vice president and general sales manager to president of International Paper Co., the world's biggest paper company. Doane joined International Paper as a salesman in 1924, rose to manager of newsprint sales, and in 1949 stepped up to the board of directors. As president he succeeds John H. Hinman, 68, who continues as chief executive officer and moves into the new job of board chairman.

AVIATION

Early Bird

A month ahead of schedule, Boeing Airplane Co.'s big four-jet tanker, the 707, was rolled out last week at Renton, Wash. The 707, which can be converted into a commercial liner, will have a cruising speed of 550 m.p.h., about 100 miles faster than the grounded British Comet. The first U.S. entry in the international commercial jet transport race is powered by four Pratt & Whitney J-57 engines similar to those on Boeing's B-52 heavy bombers. The new plane will be able to fly nonstop across the continent in less than five hours, or from New York to London in less than seven hours. First test flight is scheduled for next week.

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EDUCATION

The Last Turning?

For a good 17 months the U.S. has been waiting for the Supreme Court to make its decision on five cases involving segregation in the public schools—and wondering what would happen if the court declared segregation to be illegal. This week, as the Court did just that (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the University of North Carolina Press published the first of a series of reports that may provide some answers. Written by Little Rock's *Arkansas Gazette* Editor Harry S. Ashmore, *The Negro and the Schools* is the result of a long investigation carried out by 45 scholars under the auspices of the Ford Fund for the Advancement of Education. It not only reviews the legal history of the issue, it also points to a conclusion: the end of segregation will not be the bloody catastrophe its traditional supporters fear.

Under the doctrine that Negroes are entitled to "separate but equal" facilities, the old wall has been crumbling for nearly 60 years. But it was not until 10 years ago that Donald Murray entered the University of Maryland Law School under court order as the first Negro ever thus to cross the color line at a Southern campus. To Editor Ashmore, Murray's experience was fairly typical. "At no time whatever," wrote Murray, "did I meet any attempted segregation or unfavorable treatment on the part of any student in the school, or any professor."

Disappearing Acts. At such campuses as the Universities of Oklahoma and North Carolina, early discriminatory practices (e.g., separate seats in the dining halls or at football games) have gradually disappeared. At Oklahoma A & M, the University of Missouri and the University of Kansas City, "white students . . . have sometimes taken the lead on behalf of equal privileges for Negroes both on and off campus . . . At the University of Arkansas a special mark of approbation was given a Negro law student when he was elected president of his predominantly white dormitory . . .

"In the main, however, the white students have maintained a detachment bordering on disinterest. It is noteworthy that there is virtually no evidence that Communist or Communist-front groups have tried to exploit the more sensitive aspects of the situation on any campus . . . Nowhere has the admission of Negroes produced anything like a boycott, nor has it been made a prime political issue."

Burning Crosses. In various Northern and border states, integration has taken place at the school level. Out of 25 communities investigated for the report, only Cairo, Ill. experienced any major disorders. There, "crosses were burned, shots were fired into the homes of two local Negro leaders, and a charge of dynamite was exploded outside the home of a Negro physician." Nevertheless, by the end of the first semester 17 Negro children were

attending white schools, and by 1953 the number had jumped to 60.

In New Jersey the state education department's Division against Discrimination has done such a persuasive job that there are only three school districts left with any segregation. In such border-zone cities as Cincinnati and Evansville, Ind., the transition is going smoothly, and in Tucson, Ariz. it has been complete. "The Tucson school board," says Ashmore, "went the whole way from the beginning; a call for white volunteers to teach in the mixed schools produced twice the necessary number, and a Negro principal was accepted without protest by a mixed teaching staff . . . The records show that only about 15 pupils out of a total of



Gene Prescott—*Arkansas Gazette*
EDITOR ASHMORE
Less blood than fear.

over 20,000 were withdrawn from the public schools in protest against integration."

Reunion Road. Will all this apply to the Deep South? Ashmore points out that today's Southerners are already partly conditioned. Not only have their universities taken in Negroes, but so have the schools connected with various military bases in the South. Furthermore, with the Court's action, the change will still be gradual: So far, the decision involves only "the five school districts cited . . . No change would necessarily occur in the other 11,173 districts . . . until and unless individual suits were brought."

But gradual or not, says Ashmore, the change is bound to come eventually. "In the long sweep of history, the public-school cases before the Supreme Court may be written down as the point at which the South cleared the last turning in the road to reunion—the point at which finally, and under protest, the region . . . accepted the prevailing standards of the nation at large as the legal

basis for its relationship with its minority race. This would not in itself bring about any great shift in Southern attitudes, nor even any far-reaching immediate changes in the pattern of bi-racial education. But it would redefine the goal the Southern people, white and Negro, are committed to seek in the way of democracy."

The Visitors

After a good many years of taking criticism by distinguished visiting scholars from Britain and Europe, Philosopher Douglas N. Morgan of Northwestern University decided it was time to complain. Last week, in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, he talked back. Fond as the U.S. is of visitors, said he, too many "come to America armed with a conviction that we are infants, that our academic degrees—not earned at Oxford or Cambridge—are travesties, and that even our graduate students are merely overgrown addicts of football and television."

"Frankly . . . we do resent being treated as moderately wayward children, wantonly ignorant of the most elementary historical, cultural, and philosophical truths. Permit me to cite a few instances, with names deleted and subjects disguised, but in no measure overdrawn."

"Professor A is . . . one of the world's outstanding authorities on the historical relation between a people's theology and its society . . . We anticipate his visit. We introduce a problem of interpretation which concerns us." And what sort of answer comes? "Professor A patiently explains to us that Aristotle's essences differ from Plato's forms, that Origen was an important figure in early Christian philosophy, and that Augustine took the problem of evil seriously."

"Campus-wide publicity announces the lecture of Professor B from the Sorbonne. No one can pretend to an understanding of modern French painting unless he has read B's books, as—believe it or not—we have . . . We hurry to his illustrated lecture on 'Pre-Picasso Picasso.' And we learn, to our stupefaction, that French impressionism had its antecedents in earlier painting, that shadows are coloured, and that Cézanne painted solid objects."

"The music critic of an important European journal lectures to our faculty and student body. He wants to 'make a good impression' and not to appear 'too high-brow.' So instead of moving on from his latest brilliant book on microtonality, he boldly suggests that music did not end with Chopin and Wagner . . ."

"Quite honestly," says Morgan, "we can and do read. We can and do see paintings and hear music . . . During the past few years, American universities have paid out thousands of dollars to bring scholars. To speak bluntly, these scholars have all too often insulted our students and ourselves by presenting lectures which the most naive young instructor on our staff could give without any preparation . . . We cannot feel happy about spending our money to bring a distinguished guest one hundred or three thousand miles to hear him recite the alphabet . . ."



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MILESTONES

Married. Geraldine Page, 20, star of stage and screen (*Hondo*); and Alexander Schneider, 45, Russian-born concert violinist; each for the second time; in Tarrytown, N.Y.

Died. Maria Isabella Patiño Goldsmith, 18, daughter of Bolivian Tin King Antenor Patiño, whose runaway marriage in Scotland to British Hotel Heir James Goldsmith, 21, was a front-page tabloid sensation last winter (*TIME*, Jan. 18); after she collapsed in a Paris hotel with a cerebral hemorrhage, 24 hours later (prematurely) gave birth to a 4-lb.-9-oz. daughter, Isabel Marcelle Christine; in a hospital in suburban Neuilly.

Died. Eric Gibbs, 43, Canadian-born chief of the *TIME-LIFE* news bureau in Paris; of a heart attack; while covering the Geneva Conference. Gibbs joined *TIME* as a London correspondent (1946), became London bureau chief (1948), covered fighting in Palestine and Indo-China, headed the *TIME-LIFE* bureau in Bonn before moving to Paris in 1952.

Died. J. (for Jacob) K. (for Kay) Lasser, 57, Manhattan tax expert, famed for his yellow-jacketed annual booklet *Your Income Tax*, which has sold more than 12 million copies since it was first published in 1936; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan.

Died. William March (full name: William Edward March Campbell), 60, Alabama-born novelist best known for his bitter novel of World War I, *Company K* (1933), and his newly published horror tale, *The Bad Seed* (*TIME*, April 12); of pneumonia; in New Orleans.

Died. Major General (ret.) Oliver P. Echols, 62, who, as chief of Army Air Forces matériel in World War II, helped boost plane production from 15,855 aircraft in 1941 to 69,930 in 1945; of pneumonia; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Colonel General Heinz Guderian, 65, organizer of Hitler's formidable *Panzer* divisions before World War II and their leader to victory in Poland and France, to defeat within sight of Moscow; of a liver ailment; in Schwangau, West Germany. No avowed Nazi but loyal to Hitler, Heinz Guderian became *Wehrmacht* chief of staff in 1944, sought in vain to remove Hitler's ban on retreat in the East, was later ousted and, as the war ended, was captured by U.S. forces. Never tried as a war criminal. Old Soldier Guderian published his memoirs, *Panzer Leader* (1952), lived quietly in the Bavarian Alps until death came.

Died. Clyde Roark Hoey, 76, Democratic U.S. Senator from North Carolina since 1945, one-term (1937-41) governor of North Carolina; of a heart ailment; in his office in Washington.

perature up to 92 degrees today, equalling the record day, set in 1929, and record of nine c

**Ninth Day in 90s!
No Relief on Way**
Continued From Page 1

Continued From Page One

Looking for Worst
But New Yorkers, though hope-
ful, were looking for the worst
today. Hundreds of persons didn't
bother to go to work in many of-
fices and factories, and many of
those that did were allowed to
leave for home early.
The idea of an early departur

The mercury hit 90 at 1 p.m. on-
ly 10 consecutive days with the prices

hour or two earlier.

From Page One

"Retail business is bad," he said. "There is soilage, as a good deal of the produce virtually in the stores. In addition, food sales have dropped substantially. Many customers are staying home or leaving the city as a result of the heat." Many business firms were letting their employees off earlier to avoid the heat.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Dial M for Murder [Warner] started out in 1952 as a British television drama, moved on to long, successful runs on the London stage and Broadway, and has now been made into a first-rate movie. Director Alfred Hitchcock, by shooting the film in three-dimensional WarnerColor, avoids the static quality common to many stage plays when transferred to the screen. The 3-D is used not so much for its shock value as to bring alive for moviegoers much of the theater's intimacy and depth of movement.

Dial M is starred with fine scenes and good performances. Though played as contemporary melodrama, it somehow manages to reflect the gaslight magic of turn-of-the-century London. Murder is the plot, but everyone is extremely gentlemanly about the crime, from the Holmesian police inspector (John Williams) down to the caddish assassin (Anthony Dawson). The crime is conceived by quick-witted Ray Milland, who, losing his wife's love, decides to murder her for her money rather than wait for her to leave him. A solicitous sort who doesn't want to hurt anyone unnecessarily, Milland arranges to spend the night of the murder on the town with his wife's lover (Robert Cummings) as his alibi. For his murder weapon, he selects an old college acquaintance who is amoral as an alley cat. The scene in which Milland bends Actor Dawson to his will is a theatrical delight.

As the intended victim, Grace Kelly is not required to do much more than look beautiful and vulnerable, and she accomplishes both with patrician distinction. The fun of *Dial M* lies in its duel of wits, and audiences may relish seeing Milland mowed down by superior intelligence rather than by a sawed-off shotgun.

At 25, blue-eyed Grace Kelly is known around Hollywood as a rich girl who made good. She was born in Philadelphia, where her father, John B. Kelly, turned a \$7,000 loan in 1919 into a bustling \$18 million construction business.* After she finished high school, Grace headed straight for New York, where she studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She worked first as a photographer's model, then slowly began to get parts in television, summer stock and, finally, one or two Broadway shows.

A bit part in a movie (*Fourteen Hours*—TIME, March 12, 1951) got Grace her first big Hollywood role—Gary Cooper's wife in *High Noon*. After that success, M-G-M signed her to a seven-year contract.

Since her first Metro picture (*Mogambo*), Grace has been busier than a flock of starlets at a cocktail party. Warner

* Father Kelly, also an expert carman, won the Olympic singles in Antwerp in 1920: son John, a champion like his father, took first prize twice (in 1947 and 1949) in the famed Diamond Skulls at Henley, England.

Bros. borrowed her for *Dial M*, and Paramount for three more films, which have not yet been released. All are surefire hits, too: *Country Girl* (with William Holden and Bing Crosby), *Rear Window* (with James Stewart), *Bridges at Toko-Ri* (with Holden). She is now working on *Green Fire* (with Stewart Granger) for M-G-M; this summer she returns to Paramount for *Catch a Thief* (with Cary Grant), follows that with *The Cobweb* for M-G-M.

What brought on the rush for Kelly? Says Director Alfred Hitchcock, who



GRACE KELLY & RAY MILLAND
Rich girl makes good.

worked with Grace in *Dial M* and *Rear Window*: "She is that rare thing in movies, a lady. She is a real actress. Not in the histrionic sense, but in a deeper sense. She's one of those people who fit into any leading-lady part. She has a youthful appearance photographically, but she is no child or juvenile in any sense. Ingrid Bergman has the same quality. It suggests intelligence."

Grace herself is the least articulate person on the subject of Grace Kelly. To newcomers she presents a fine if forbidding figure of a coolly aloof craftsman who saves herself for the cameras. "This is a time," she says, "when the movies are not looking for contract actresses, but for the right girl for the right part." A lot of Hollywood studios these days seem to believe that the right girl is Kelly.

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (Dancigers & Ehrlich; United Artists), filmed in Mexico and directed by Spain's expatriate Luis (The Young and the Damned) Buñuel, is played to the hilt by Ireland's former Abbey Player Dan O'Herlihy. It will carry many a moviegoer back to the long afternoons of childhood when he pored over the pages of Daniel Defoe's classic.

Here, again, the storm-tossed mariner

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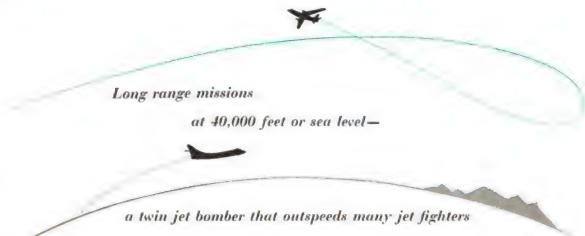
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comes staggering through the surf to begin his 28 years of bitter exile on a desert island. At first, Crusoe rejoices in survival itself, then in the happy rescue of guns and supplies from his ship, wrecked on a nearby reef. With the ship's dog and cat, with a home abuilding and goats to tend, the castaway seems secure in his growing self-sufficiency. But fever comes, and he is finally racked by the even greater terrors of loneliness. Director Buñuel and Actor O'Herlihy are particularly fine in picturing the despair of a man alone. The suggestion of it comes in O'Herlihy's bemused fingering of the women's clothes that he has salvaged from the wreck; the note deepens with the death and burial of his companion, the dog; it breaks into wild orchestration as the crazed man runs to an echoing valley and there hurls the 23rd Psalm against the ringing hills solely to

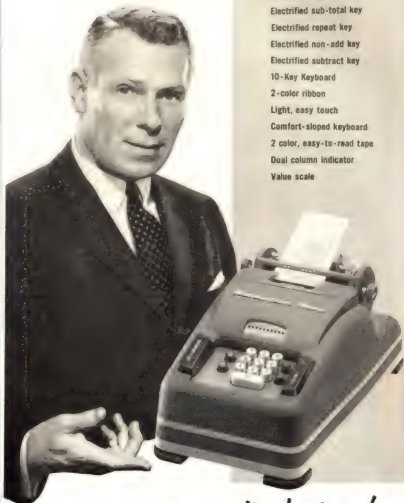


O'HERLIHY AS CRUSOE
In the valley, the 23rd Psalm.

hear the answering sound of his own distorted voice. In a drunken revel, O'Herlihy re-creates in his cave all the roistering cheerfulness of an Elizabethan pub, but this ends, too, in a disillusion so great that he walks blindly into the surf, bearing aloft a blazing torch. When he drops the brand into the sea, it is as though his own humanity were extinguished.

This slow (but not too slow) movement shapes the first part of the film and prepares the fevered pace of the second, with its prancing cannibals, the gibbering man Friday, and the swashbuckling English crew who at last return Crusoe to the world of men. Actor O'Herlihy plays with a steady brilliance. His joy at finding Friday (James Fernandez) turns quickly into a sort of lordly Colonel Blimpism as he sets their relationship as that of master and servant. Then his performance becomes electrically charged with fear when he suspects Friday may murder him in his sleep and eat him. The savage and the civilized man have a long and uneasy road

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before they reach the haven of friendship. Like Defoe's original work, the movie is a neat mixture of moralizing and adventure but, fortunately, the moralizing is never pompous or the adventuring ever dull.

Flame and the Flesh (M-G-M) works hard at making Lana Turner into a Hollywood version of a realistic Italian actress. Like Anna Magnani, Lana screeches in anger and scratches herself; like Silvana Mangano, she slouches about in her slip and sprawls on a bed swatting flies; like Gina Lollobrigida, she has all the males in sight panting at her heels.

But just as Lana, turned brunette for the occasion, is synthetic Italian, so is the movie. Filmed in Naples, it deals with such elemental matters as poverty, sex and jealousy, but *Flame* is no more earthy than a suburban child patting mud pies. The plot has Lana, down to her last lira, befriended by a true-blue simpleton (Renzo Colleano), who promptly falls in love with her. Moving into his apartment, Lana fails in love, instead, with his roommate Singer Carlos Thompson, who looks remarkably like TV's Ventriloquist Paul Winchell and acts with all the intensity of one of Winchell's puppets. Pier Angeli Thompson's fiancée, is on hand to look bereft and beautiful, while such outlanders as Charles Goldner, Peter Illine and Eric Pohlman do their best to behave like Neapolitans.

After exchanging Vesuvian clinches and clichés, Lana and Carlos elope without benefit of clergy, and the camera trails dutifully after them, pausing only for Technicolored glances at such tourist resorts as Positano and Amalfi. At long last Lana's heart of gold rings true: she nobly sends her lover back to his roommate and his hand-wringing bride-to-be. Then, in the unmistakably Italo-American manner of Jimmy Durante, Lana walks off alone into the night, her head held high and going—as the synopsis puts it—"who knows where?"

CURRENT & CHOICE

Executive Suite. Star-studded scramble for the presidency of a big corporation; with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Shelley Winters, etc., etc. (TIME, May 10).

Knock on Wood. Some extremely funny Kaydenzas by a brilliant clown, Danny Kaye (TIME, April 26).

Night People. Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin, and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson bangs their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

Beat the Devil. John Huston and Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre (TIME, March 8).

The Final Test. A British joke about cricket, well told; with Robert Morley (TIME, Feb. 22).

Rob Roy. Walt Disney's highland fling through an old Scots story; with Richard Todd, Glynnis Johns (TIME, Feb. 8).



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BOOKS

New Shine on Old Truths

THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE (342 pp.)—Translated by Marianne Moore—Viking (\$5).

For a quarter of a century, some of the finest poetry written in the U.S. has come from a modest apartment on a rundown street in Brooklyn. But in recent years it has come only in a thin trickle. Since 1945, only three poems have been published by the charming grey-haired spinster who has won every U.S. poetry prize worth winning. Not that Marianne Moore had been idle in the last eight years; she had never worked so hard in her life. Now 66, she has finished her labor of love: a new verse translation of the 241 Fables of La Fontaine.

Whether a fine poetess (Selected Poems, 1935, What Are Years, 1941, Nevertheless, 1944) should have given up that much of her own writing life in homage to the 17th-century French fabulist is a question critics may well ask. Translator Moore's answer is ready and certain: "Compared with the fables, my own work is insignificant. No poet now living could have written them." By now, Poetess Moore is so soaked in the lessons learned the hard way by La Fontaine's zoo and barnyard folk that "subconsciously I live by his precepts."

The Serpent's Tail. Admittedly, most La Fontaine precepts are as sound as Ben Franklin's—e.g., "Better think of the outcome before you begin." "A counterfeit's sure to be exposed to light"—although they are dressed in brocade rather than homespun. The fables he borrowed from Aesop in La Fontaine's hands became tart and graceful satires on society, with neat plots and sharp blackout punch lines. But whether they lend themselves to English translation is another matter. Marianne Moore is the only first-rate poet who has ever undertaken to do the whole job. How much better she has done than the standard translators becomes quickly apparent in *The Head and Tail of the Serpent*. A turn-of-the-century version put the familiar stanza this way:

Two parts the serpent has—
Of men the enemies—
The head and tail: the same
Have won a mighty fame,
Next to the cruel Fates;—
So that, indeed, hence
They once had great debates
About precedence.

Poetess Moore's version:

A serpent has mobility
Which can shatter intrepidity.
The tail-tip's mental to-and-fro
And tail-like taper head's quick blow—
Like Fate's—have the power to appall.
Each end had thought for years that it
had no equal
And that it alone knew
What to do.



Esther Bubley/mgmt

POETESS MOORE

The animals taught her to live.

She was determined to capture not only the literal meaning but the intricate minuets of La Fontaine's rhyme schemes. Two things made the task gargantuan: 1) Jean de la Fontaine was one of the cleverest versifiers in all literature; 2) Miss Moore started with the seemingly fatal handicap of only three years of school French. Her first try was so faulty that it had to be thrown away. (Said her mother, who did know French: "This is so coarse, and French is so delicate.") Some of the fables Miss Moore translated ten times before she and her editor were satisfied.



Brian Seed

NOVELIST GARNETT

Conrad taught him to sail.

The Purple Grapes. What had seemed at first an amiable chore became a daily burden: "There was no fun in it until after the first five years." Now, the job done, she feels "like a tramp" without a job. Alone in the same apartment where she has lived since 1929, she wonders how her poetic restatement of the old La Fontaine truths will fare in the book-stores. Both the difficulties she faced and the quality of her frequent triumphs can be sensed in her freshening of the ancient favorite, *The Fox and the Grapes*:

A fox of Gascon, though some say of
Norman descent,
When starved till faint gazed up
At a trellis to which grapes were
tied—
Matured till they glowed with a
purplish tint
As though there were gems inside.
Now grapes were what our adventur-
er on strained haunches chanced
to crave,
But because he could not reach
the vine
He said, "These grapes are sour, I'll
leave them for some knave."
Better, I think, than an embittered
whine.

Portrait of a Generation

THE GOLDEN ECHO (272 pp.)—David Garnett—Harcourt, Brace (\$4).

Everyone can remember something in his childhood that seems as wacky and improbable as an incident in *Alice in Wonderland*, but Novelist David Garnett wins hands down with his memories of childhood and youth (the first volume of his autobiography). When he was five, Joseph Conrad took him into the garden and taught him to sail a boat ("the sail was a . . . sheet tied . . . to a clothes prop . . . The green grass heaved in waves . . . our speed was terrific"). Novelist Ford Madox Ford showed him how to "twitch one ear without moving the other"; he went for a drive "accompanied by Henry James riding a bicycle," and a man named Jack Galsworthy, who had bookish aspirations, taught him to keep his head when others all about were losing theirs, by taking charge at the Garnett home when the Garnett puppy was discovered dragging a rotten bullock's head into the living room.

"The literary aspirant did not turn a hair, though the stench would have overpowered most people. He calmly fetched a shovel and a wheelbarrow, conveyed the horrible object to the bottom of the garden, dug a large hole, buried it, and then returned to wash his hands carefully and dust his knees with a handkerchief scented with a few drops of eau de Cologne." The same method may be detected, of course, in *The Forsyte Saga*.

Advice from George. *The Golden Echo* is a "picture of a literary generation" as well as a self-portrait. But it is additionally a well-done picture of what it meant to grow up in a world where the ring of the doorbell might announce the arrival of

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anything from a female Czarist assassin to corpulent Hilaire Belloc. In those days, young Garnett had no intention of surprising the world, as he did in the '30s, with such out-of-the-ordinary novels as *Lady into Fox*, *The Sailor's Return*, *Poekontas*. He did not even listen when George Bernard Shaw, watching him play in a children's charade, dubbed him a "horn actor." Botany was his choice, but it failed to flourish in air that was mustily humid with literary precinations. All that survives today of Botanist Garnett is a pinheaded fungus named *Discinella Minutissima Ramsbottom et Garnett*.

Few children have had the luck to grow up amid such intellectual variety. Grandfather Richard Garnett actually lived in the British Museum, where he was Keeper of Printed Books. Father Edward, who climbed the museum roof as other boys climb trees, became one of Britain's most influential literary advisers. Mother Constance learned Russian to while away the time, soon became the foremost English translator of Russian literature. Her toughest assignment: *War and Peace*, from which she emerged half blind.

Reassurance from Maynard. The growing boy never knew what strange world he would be living in next. One day he would find himself "turned loose into . . . the anthropological galleries" of the great museum. Another day, on a trip to Russia, he would be riding a pony furiously over the steppes. It is no wonder that, at the age of 18, he planned (and might as well have pulled off) the rescue from Brixton Prison of his friend Vinayak Savarkar, who today leads India's "extreme religious Nationalists—the Hindu Mahasabha" (Papa Garnett retrieved his son before the scheme could be put into effect).

The "golden echo" that rings throughout his book is of an English era when thoughtful men and women (except for those in Brixton) were so unconstricted and free from world-worry that the occasional explosions of war and revolution fell on their ears like detonations from another planet. So inbred was their sense of imperturbable peace that, when World War I broke out, none suspected that it was sounding the knell of the golden echo. Indeed, Author Garnett, fussing with his grin, saw no need to join the army. His friend John Maynard Keynes (who zrew up to be the great economist) had assured him "that the war could not last much more than a year." Author Garnett closes his book with the dry words: "It was a great relief for us all to have Maynard's assurance on this point."

Quiet on the Eastern Front

A TIME TO LOVE and A TIME TO DIE (378 pp.)—Erich Maria Remarque—Harcourt, Brace (\$3.95).

Off the printed page, Erich Maria Remarque is a connoisseur of the good things in life—art, music, brandy. In his books, he is a collector of the evil things of his time—war, homelessness, futility. But his taste as a collector is rarely original, and perhaps too sentimental. When he was 18,

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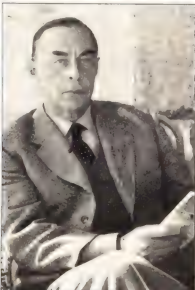
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he marched off to war with the Kaiser's armies; the result (not published until 1929) was *All Quiet on the Western Front*, still the best item in his collection. More recent history has given Remarque the plots for mediocre stories on a Nazi concentration camp (*Spark of Life*) and that victim of Europe's ravaging isms, the rootless refugee (*Arch of Triumph*). Almost inevitably, Remarque had to write his novel of World War II, *A June Book-of-the-Month-Club choice*. *A Time to Love and a Time to Die* is a kind of pale tenth carbon copy of *All Quiet* with one difference: though it shows no less hate of war, it betrays much more love of life.

The change is perhaps due to the aging of the writer (he is a mellow 55), perhaps to the aging of the age. *All Quiet* was dedicated to a simple proposition: war is hateful, and the best way to prevent it is to hate it enough. It glowed with a kind of



Dr. Remarque, M. D.

NOVELIST REMARQUE

No less of hate, but more of love.

sentimentality in reverse. A quarter century later, that stalwart faith has come to seem as old-fashioned and disappointing as the generation that held it.

Layer Cakes. Ernst Graeber is a simple German foot soldier with both hands in the crumbling dike of the Eastern Front in the spring of 1944. For Graeber and his comrades, hell is not only the Russians but the stacks of German corpses emerging like an obscene layer cake from the melting snows, January casualties on top, October casualties on the bottom. When the Russians begin hitting his sector of the front with heavy artillery fire, Graeber is only too happy to snatch his first furlough in two years.

Home turns out to be a heap of rubble. Readers of conventional war fiction scarcely need to be told what comes next. Ernst stumbles across Elisabeth, a twenty-year-old with "high-arched brows, dark eyes, and mahogany-colored hair that flowed in a restless wave."

Cigar Boxes. Elisabeth introduces Ernst not only to the hot quick tempo of love on a furlough but to the moral decomposition of Nazi Germany. Her gentle doctor father, informed on by a tenant in his own house, is carted off to a concentration camp, and his ashes are subsequently returned in a cigar box. Ernst charms away such horrors with a symbol, a linden tree flowering affirmatively amid the ruins of his home-town square. Filled with a deep if obscure faith in the future, he marries Elisabeth and goes back to war, only to be killed by some innocent but suspicious Russian peasant prisoners when he frees them. For Ernst, and for the reader, all is finally quiet on the Eastern Front.

Within his tale of love-in-wartime, Author Remarque tries to raise serious questions about German guilt and corruption, and whether a soldier's first duty is to his country or his conscience. Unfortunately, he leaves such passages so dramatically inert that he continually seems to be chewing more than he has really bitten off.

The Virtue of Vice

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE (246 pp.)—*Peter De Vries*—Little, Brown (\$3.50).

The pun is widely regarded as the lowest form of humor. This judgment may or may not have been circulated by people who themselves can never think of a pun until they are driving home after the party. The fact is that punsters have gone underground—at least as far as polite literature is concerned. Among the U.S. writers, there must be a vast reservoir of pent-up puns, just waiting for the signal to burst out into the open. That heady day may be at hand.

The conductor and narrator of this particular trip through *The Tunnel of Love* is a slap-happy cartoon editor named Dick. He sometimes wanders off the track to a dream cottage and holds imaginary conversations with beautiful women:

"I like . . . deep woods and the smell of pine," one beauty murmurs. "I love pine."

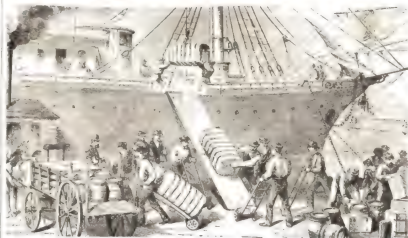
"I love yew," whispers Dick.

"We mustn't," she gasps.

In or out of his dream world, Dick mercilessly piles up perhaps the most outrageous mountain of puns in recent literary history. He wonders if czardas is the name of a song by Hoagy Carmichael. He notes that a restaurant menu offers a dreaded veal cutlet. He suggests that *hic jacet* is a sport coat from the corn belt and that *ad nauseam* is a sickening advertisement. He even tells a dream girl on an ocean liner: "If you care to take a turn on deck, you'll find me forward. Possibly even a bit unscrupulous."

Dick, the unabashed and unregenerate punster, is the funniest part of Author Peter De Vries's novel. The story is pretty funny, too—if somewhat special. It is centered in suburban Connecticut, where a slightly adulterous bunch of New York writers, artists and editors repair from their labors to indulge their neuroses and libidos. Cartoonist Augie Poole is one of them, a 16-cylinder Lotario who knows how to operate on curves. Augie's

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wife can turn her "china-blue eyes on her husband like two gun barrels," but she loves him and they decide to make themselves a threesome by adopting a baby. It is not easy. Augie quickly learns that to meet an adoption agency's qualifications, he needs several virtues he does not possess. But what he finds so hard to adopt he finds deceptively easy to create—with a major assist from his mistress. The result is that Augie becomes a source of supply to the agency that has rejected him as a customer.

Augie's peccadillo reforms him. He is soon spending days in the unaccustomed pursuit of earning a living, and nights in his own bed. Before long, he qualifies for adoptive fatherhood. Then, to his horror the agency gives him his own child. For a while poor Augie sees himself cast as a tragic Greek hero being buffeted by Fate, but a surprise ending enables him to be-



Thomas Holliman

HUMORIST DE VRIES

For woods she pines, and he loves yew.

come a normal, happy commuter buffeted only by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Author De Vries, a writer for *The New Yorker*, has an acute sense of the absurd and an absurd way of being acute. He has written an amusing, screwball farce. Its moral: vice, in its mysterious ways, may lead a man to virtue—and virtue may lead him to the brink of calamity.

Father's Return

MR. HOBBS' VACATION (248 pp.)—Edward Streeter—Harper (\$3).

The *Father of the Bride* is back again. He has a new name, is a little older and more tired, but his family status is unchanged. Mother runs the house. Daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren enjoy it. And father pays the bills.

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fathered *Father* in his spare time, now puts that vestigial American male through his paces during a vacation. The summer house, on an island off New England, has been rented sight unseen and looks it, but Mr. Hobbs is brave in the face of basket-work furniture, a recalcitrant pump and a cesspool that backfires.

He has been dreamily anticipating palship with a four-year-old grandson and his sons-in-law. When little Peter arrives, he is asked to give grandpa a big hug. "I don't want to," Peter cries. "But Peter, darling," his unreflecting mother demands, "don't you like Bumpa?" "No," cries Peter. Peter's father is polite, but conversation with him is exhausted "in 40 seconds flat with ten days to go."

When the entire clan is gathered, Mr. Hobbs continues such chores as garbage disposal, and evenings finds it impossible to concentrate on a book against theoretical talk that outrages his practical intelligence. "Dollars are only symbols," he hears. "Wealth is the natural resources of a country . . ." Running a finger under his shirt collar, his voice trembling, Mr. Hobbs explodes: "It was dollars that bought that beef tonight that you all gobbled up so cheerfully. It was dollars that bought that bottle of gin that disappeared before dinner. Nobody ever handed me any natural resources, and I never paid a grocery bill with the potential of a labor force. I wouldn't recognize one if it walked into the room."

By summer's end, Mr. Hobbs decides that the age gap is too great for him to be a pal to his children or grandchildren, that his ties to them "can only be based on need or respect." He also decides, despite all his mishaps, that the summer was "hard to beat." But readers will find that *Mr. Hobbs' Vacation* has not even come close this time to beating *Father of the Bride*.

RECENT & READABLE

The Courts of Memory, by Frank Rooney. One of the year's best first novels, although tedious in spots, about the lost generation of the '30s and its conformist nonconformists (TIME, May 17).

The Reason Why, by Cecil Woodham-Smith. Best and most fascinating account to date of the most glorious snafu in military history: the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava (TIME, May 10).

From the Danube to the Yalu, by Mark W. Clark. Lessons and recommendations for his countrymen by an American general who has fought Communism in Europe and Asia (TIME, May 3).

The Fire-Raisers, by Marris Murray. A vivid, moody story about a South African valley and its willy-nilly incendiaries (TIME, April 26).

The Bad Seed, by William March. Malice and murder in the heart of a child; a mother-and-daughter story that swiftly turns into a shocker (TIME, April 12).

A Time to Laugh, by Laurence Thompson. The lighthearted story of poor Gaden, a gawky African adolescent, and his triumph over both his tribe and the British army (TIME, April 5).



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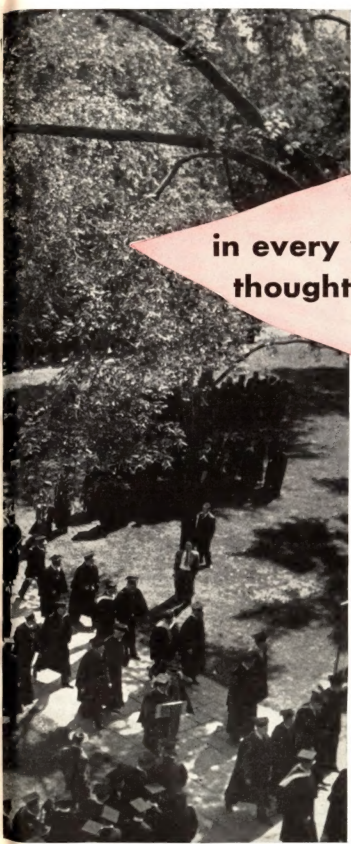
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Columny. In Adams, Wis., the Adams County *Times* carried this personal notice: "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Stop the evil gossip that I used a butcher knife on my husband, Walter. It is not so . . . Mrs. Walter Buchanan."

Wounded in Action. In Korea, Army Corporal Gib Landell tossed off a smart salute at a passing officer, threw his back out of joint, had to be evacuated to a field hospital.

Native Custom. In Tulsa, suing for divorce, Turkish-born Ayse Sebahat Southerland complained that her husband Louis kissed another woman in her presence, then informed her that it was just an old American custom.

Promissory Note. In Phoenix, Ariz., Mrs. Mary Lou Bryan showed police a letter from her landlady: "I have a beef with you . . . and when I catch you out in the yard again, I'm going to let you have it, as nothing would give me more pleasure than to black both your eyes and bust you in the nose . . ."

Decision. In Wichita, Kans., Mrs. Eula Gean Story, a professional wrestler, was arrested after she settled an argument by tossing her husband Alfred through the bedroom window.

Matter of Principle. In Mineola, N.Y., seeking a separation, Mrs. Winifred Albro, 72, charged that her husband Frederick had steadfastly refused to bathe during their twelve years of marriage.

Heritage. In Paris, collapsing after she had climbed 345 ft. up the outside girders of the 984-ft. Eiffel Tower, Aniche Cava, 28, explained: "My grandfather tried it and failed. I wanted to save the family honor."

For Quick Action. In Milwaukee, finding a \$15.75 Government check, Dewayne Mlover forged a signature and cashed it, after his arrest found that it had been made out to an FBI agent.

4-F. In Gastonia, N.C., the county draft board received a letter: "Dear Sir: I am suffering from romantic fever and my wife is pregnant . . . Please excuse me from the draft."

The Evidence. In Coventry, Conn., Insurance-Claims Adjuster John Van Housen arrived at the home of Patricia Reckard to investigate a claim resulting from a dog bite, was bitten by the same dog.

Rent Control. In York, Pa., Landlord Pietro Pennino and his wife Josephine wound up in jail after Tenant Randal Marvel complained they had collected his \$11 rent by covering him with a pistol, then taking the money from his wallet.



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FAMOUS FOR 50 YEARS



“**Nationals** save us \$60,000 a year...
return 110% annually on our investment.”

— BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis
“One of America's largest shoe manufacturers”

“Our 24 National Accounting Machines and 105 National Adding Machines play a vital role in the operation of our expanding business. We use Nationals for payroll accounting, accounts payable, check and voucher writing, accounts receivable, general ledger, sales analysis and other accounting and figure work.”

“Nationals save us \$60,000 a year, which repays us their total cost every 11 months, an annual return of 110% on our investment.”

“While these savings are a major reason for our confidence in National equipment, many years of consistently good service have also contributed to our satisfaction. The versatility and simplicity of operation have enabled our main office to keep pace with the increasing complexity in accounting, and to meet the expanding needs of our growing factories, production and sales.”

H.B. Hall Treasurer

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